THE

HISTORY

OF

SANDFORD

AND

MERTON,

A WORK

INTENDED FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.

By THOMAS DAY, Esq.

GAINSBOROUGH:

PRINTED BY AND FOR HENRY MOZLEY.

1815.

ADVERTISEMENT.



THOSE who are most competent to judge of the merit of writings intended for young persons, agree, that the manner in which things are related, is nearly of as much importance as the things themselves; and the Author of SANDFORD AND MERTON, by so happily adapting his style to his subject and readers, has excited such particular admiration, that it is unnecessary here to attempt to add to its popularity. But as the price of the original work may be incommodious to a great part of his young readers, it has been thought proper, in order to render his ingenious and philanthropic performance as extensively useful as possible, to present it to the public in a more reduced form, though not an abridgment; since the narrative is given in the author's own words, without alteration. And as a great part of the work

is of a digressive nature, the whole of what may properly be considered as the HISTORY OF SANDFORD AND MERTON is preserved entire in this single volume, forming a cheap addition to the books usually put into the hands of children.

Those, however, who prefer the genuine edition of this work, in two volumes, are respectfully informed that it may be had of the publishers of this volume.

THE

HISTORY

OF

SANDFORD AND MERTON.

IN the western part of England lived a gentleman of great fortune, whose name was Merton. He had a large estate in the island of Jamaica, where he had pass-
ed the greater part of his life ... ing his dinner, he was sure to
servants, who cultivated ... sometimes the whole; nay, so very
for his advantage ... was he to every thing, that he would never
excessively fo... fields to take the eggs of poor birds, or their
the reason ... ones, nor practise any other kind of sport which
gland. ... pain to poor animals, who are as capable of feeling as
Jama... ourselves, though they have no words to express their
nat... fferings. Once, indeed, Harry was caught twirling a
m... cock-chafer round, which he had fastened by a crooked pin to a long piece of thread, but then this was through ignorance and want of thought: for as soon as his father told him that the poor helpless insect felt as much, or more, than he would do, were a knife thrust through his hand, he burst into tears, and took the poor animal home, where he fed him during a fortnight upon fresh leaves; and when he was perfectly recovered, turned him out to enjoy

men's shoulders, in which he made visits to his play-fellows. His mother was so excessively fond of him, that she gave him every thing he cried for, and would never let him learn to read, because he complained that it made his head ache.

The consequence of this was, that though Master Merton had every thing he wanted, he became very fretful and unhappy. Sometimes he ate sweetmeats till he made himself sick, and then he suffered a great deal of pain, because he would not take bitter physic to make him well. Sometimes he cried for things that it was impossible to give him, and then, as he had never been used to be contradicted, it was many hours before he could be pacified. When any company came to dine at the house, he was always to be helped first, and to have the most delicate parts of the meat, otherwise he would make such a noise

[illegible] company. When his father and

ble with their friends, in-

to attend to him,

the cake and

cups. By

to eve-

dents.

mes

ton came over to England, he could neither read, nor write, nor cipher: he could use none of his limbs with ease, nor bear any degree of fatigue, but he was very proud, fretful, and impatient.

Very near to Mr. Merton's seat lived a plain, honest farmer, whose name was Sandford. This man had, like Mr. Merton, an only son, not much older than Master Merton, whose name was Harry. Harry, as he had always been accustomed to run about in the fields, to follow the labourers while they were ploughing, and to drive the sheep to their pasture, was active, strong, hardy, and fresh-coloured.

He was neither so fair, nor so delicately shaped as Master Merton; but he had an honest, good-natured countenance, which made every body love him; was never out of humour, and took the greatest pleasure in obliging every body. If little Harry saw a poor wretch who wanted victuals, while he was eating his dinner, he was sure to give him half, and sometimes the whole; nay, so very good-natured was he to every thing, that he would never go into the fields to take the eggs of poor birds, or their young ones, nor practise any other kind of sport which gave pain to poor animals, who are as capable of feeling as we ourselves, though they have no words to express their sufferings. Once, indeed, Harry was caught twirling a cock-chafer round, which he had fastened by a crooked pin to a long piece of thread, but then this was through ignorance and want of thought: for as soon as his father told him that the poor helpless insect felt as much, or more, than he would do, were a knife thrust through his hand, he burst into tears, and took the poor animal home, where he fed him during a fortnight upon fresh leaves; and when he was perfectly recovered, turned him out to enjoy

liberty and the fresh air. Ever since that time, Harry was so careful and considerate, that he would step out of the way for fear of hurting a worm, and employed himself in doing kind offices to all the animals in the neighbourhood. He used to stroke the horses as they were at work, and fill his pockets with acorns for the pigs; if he walked in the fields, he was sure to gather green boughs for the sheep, who were so fond of him, that they followed him wherever he went. In the winter time, when the ground was covered with frost and snow, and the poor little birds could get at no food, he would often go supperless to bed, that he might feed the robin red-breasts. Even toads, and and frogs, and spiders, and such kind of disagreeable animals, which most people destroy wherever they find them, were perfectly safe with Harry: he used to say they had a right to live as well as we, and that it was cruel and unjust to kill creatures only because we did not like them.

These sentiments made little Harry a great favourite with every body; particularly with the clergyman of the parish, who became so fond of him, that he taught him to read and write, and had him almost always with him. Indeed, it was not surprising that Mr. Barlow showed so particular an affection for him; for, besides learning every thing that he was taught with the greatest readiness, little Harry was the most honest, obliging creature in the world. He was never discontented, nor did he ever grumble, whatever he was desired to do. And then you might believe Harry in every thing he said; for though he could have gained a plum-cake by telling an untruth, and was sure that speaking the truth would expose him to a severe whipping, he never hesitated in declaring it. Nor was he like many other children, who place their whole happiness in eating: for, give him but a morsel of dry bread for his dinner, and he would be satisfied, though

you placed sweetmeats and fruit, and every other nicety, in his way.

With this little boy did Master Merton become acquainted in the following manner:—As he and the maid were once walking in the fields upon a fine summer's morning, diverting themselves with gathering different kinds of wild flowers, and running after butterflies, a large snake, on a sudden, started up from among some long grass, and coiled itself round little Tommy's leg. You may imagine the fright they were both in at this accident: the maid ran away shrieking for help, while the child, who was in an agony of terror, did not dare to stir from the place where he was standing. Harry, who happened to be walking near the place, came running up, and asked what was the matter? Tommy, who was sobbing most piteously, could not find words to tell him, but pointed to his leg, and made Harry sensible of what had happened. Harry, who, though young, was a boy of a most courageous spirit, told him not to be frightened, and instantly seized the snake by the neck, with as much dexterity as resolution, tore him from Tommy's leg, and threw him to a great distance off. Just as this happened, Mrs. Merton and all the family, alarmed by the servant's cries, came running breathless to the place, as Tommy was recovering his spirits, and thanking his brave little deliverer. Her first emotions were to catch her darling up in her arms, and, after giving him a thousand kisses, to ask him whether he had received any hurt? No, says Tommy, indeed I have not, mamma; but I believe that nasty, ugly beast would have bitten me, if that little boy had not come and pulled him off. And who are you, my dear, says she, to whom we are all so obliged? Harry Sandford, madam. Well, my child, you are a dear, brave

little creature, and you shall go home and dine with us. No, thank you, madam; my father will want me. And who is your father, my sweet boy? Farmer Sandford, madam, that lives at the bottom of the hill. Well, my dear, you shall be my child henceforth, will you? If you please, madam, if I may have my own father and mother too.

Mrs. Merton instantly dispatched a servant to the farmer's, and taking little Harry by the hand, she led him to the mansion-house, where she found Mr. Merton, whom she entertained with a long account of Tommy's danger, and Harry's bravery. Harry was now in a new scene of life. He was carried through costly apartments, where every thing that could please the eye or contribute to convenience, was assembled. He saw large looking-glasses in gilded frames, carved tables and chairs, curtains made of the finest silk, and the very plates and knives and forks were silver. At dinner he was placed close to Mrs. Merton, who took care to supply him with the choicest bits, and engaged him to eat with the most endearing kindness. But, to the astonishment of every body, he neither appeared pleased nor surprised at any thing he saw. Mrs. Merton could not conceal her disappointment; for, as she had always been used to a great degree of finery herself, she had expected it should make the same impression upon every body else. At last, seeing him eye a small silver cup, with great attention, out of which he had been drinking, she asked him, whether he should not like to have such a fine thing to drink out of? and added, that though it was Tommy's cup, she was sure he would give it with great pleasure to his little friend. Yes, that I will, says Tommy; for you know, mamma, I have a much finer than that, made of gold, besides two large ones made of silver. Thank you with all my heart, says little Harry; but I

will not rob you of it, for I have a much better one at home. How! says Mrs. Merton, what does your father eat and drink out of silver? I don't know, madam, what you call this, but we drink at home out of long things made of horn, just such as the cows wear upon their heads. The child is a simpleton, I think, says Mrs. Merton;—and why is that better than silver ones? Because, says Harry, they never make us uneasy. Make you uneasy, my child, says Mrs. Merton; what do you mean? Why, madam, when the man threw that great thing down, which looks just like this, I saw that you were very sorry about it, and looked as if you had been just ready to drop. Now, ours at home are thrown about by all the family, and nobody minds it.

I protest, says Mrs. Merton to her husband, I do not know what to say to this boy, he makes such strange observations. The fact was, that during dinner one of the servants had thrown down a large piece of plate, which, as it was very valuable, had made Mrs. Merton not only look very uneasy, but give the man a very severe scolding for his carelessness.

After dinner, Mrs. Merton filled a large glass with wine, and, giving it to Harry, bade him drink it up; but he thanked her, and said he was not dry. But, my dear, says she, this is very sweet and pleasant, and, as you are a good boy, you may drink it up. Ay! but, madam, Mr. Barlow says, we must only eat when we are hungry, and drink when we are dry; and that we must only eat and drink such things as are easily met with, otherwise we shall grow peevish and vexed when we can't get them. And this was the way that the apostles did, who were all very good men. Mr. Merton laughed at this: and pray, says he, little man, do you know who the apostles were?

Oh! yes, to be sure I do. And who were they? Why, Sir, there was a time when people were grown so very wicked that they did not care what they did, and the great folks were all proud, and minded nothing but eating and drinking, and sleeping, and amusing themselves, and took no care of the poor, and would not give a morsel of bread to hinder a beggar from starving; and the poor were all lazy, and loved to be idle better than to work; and little boys were disobedient to their parents, and their parents took no care to teach them any thing that was good, and all the world was very bad, very bad indeed:—and then there came a very good man indeed, whose name was Christ; and he went about doing good to every body, and curing people of all sorts of diseases, and taught them what they ought to do—and he chose out twelve other very good men, and called them the apostles; and these apostles went about the world, doing as he did, and teaching people as he taught them. And they never minded what they ate or drank, but lived upon dry bread and water; and when any body offered them money, they would not take it, but told him to be good, and give it to the poor and the sick; and so they made the world a great deal better—and therefore it is not fit to mind what we live upon, but we should take what we can get and be contented; just as the beasts and birds do, who lodge in the open air, and live upon herbs, and drink nothing but water, and yet they are strong, and active, and healthy.

Upon my word, says Mr. Merton, this little man is a great philosopher, and we should be much obliged to Mr. Barlow if he would take our Tommy under his care; for he grows a great boy, and it is time that he should know something. What say you, Tommy, should you like to be a philosopher? Indeed, papa, I don't know what a

philosopher is, but I should like to be a king; because he's finer and richer than any body else, and has nothing to do, and every body waits upon him, and is afraid of him. Well said, my dear, says Mrs. Merton, and rose and kissed him; and a king you deserve to be with such a spirit, and here's a glass of wine for you for making such a pretty answer. And should not you like to be a king too, little Harry? Indeed, madam, I don't know what that is; but I hope I shall soon be big enough to go to plough, and get my own living; and then I shall want nobody to wait upon me. What a difference there is between the children of farmers and gentlemen! whispered Mrs. Merton to her husband, looking rather contemptuously upon Harry. I am not sure, said Mr. Merton, that for this time the advantage is on the side of our son. But should not you like to be rich, my dear, says he to Harry? No, indeed, Sir. No, simpleton, says Mrs. Merton, and why not? Because the only rich man I ever saw is Squire Chace, who lives hard by, and he rides among people's corn, and breaks down their hedges, and shoots their poultry, and kills their dogs, and lames their cattle, and abuses the poor, and they say he does all this because he is rich; but every body hates him, though they dare not tell him so to his face—and I would not be hated for any thing in the world. But should not you like to have a fine laced coat, and a coach to carry you about, and servants to wait upon you? As to that, madam, one coat is as good as another, if it will but keep one warm; and I don't want to ride, because I can walk wherever I choose; and as for servants, I should have nothing for them to do, if I had an hundred of them. Mrs. Merton continued to look at him with a sort of contemptuous astonishment, but did not ask him any more questions.—In the evening little

Harry was sent home to his father, who asked him what he had seen at the great house, and how he liked being there? Why, says Harry, they were all very kind to me, for which I'm much obliged to them; but I had rather have been at home, for I never was so troubled in all my life to get a dinner. There was one man to take away my plate, and another to give me drink, and another to stand behind my chair, just as if I had been lame or blind, and could not have waited upon myself. And, then, there was so much to do with putting this thing on, and taking another off, I thought it would never have been over. And after dinner I was obliged to sit two whole hours without ever stirring, while the lady was talking to me, not as Mr. Barlow does, but wanting me to love fine clothes, and to be a king, and to be rich, that I may be hated like Squire Chace.

But, at the mansion-house, much of the conversation, in the mean time, was employed in examining the merits of little Harry. Mrs. Merton acknowledged his bravery and openness of temper; she was also struck with the general good-nature and benevolence of his character; but she contended there were a certain grossness and indelicacy in his ideas which distinguish the children of the lower and middling classes of people from those of persons of fashion. Mr. Merton, on the contrary, contended that he had never before seen a child whose sentiments and dispositions would do so much honour even to the most elevated situations. Nothing, he affirmed, was more easily acquired than those external manners, and that superficial address, upon which too many of the higher classes pride themselves as their greatest, or even as their only accomplishment: nay, so easily are they picked up, said he, that we frequently see them descend with cast clothes to

maids and valets; between whom and their masters and mistresses there is frequently little other difference than what results from the former wearing soiled clothes and healthier countenances. Indeed, the real seat of all superiority, even of manners, must be placed in the mind: dignified sentiments, superior courage, accompanied by genuine and universal courtesy, are always necessary to constitute the real gentleman; and where these are wanting, it is the greatest absurdity to think they can be supplied by affected tones of voice, particular grimaces, or extravagant and unnatural modes of dress; which, far from being the real test of gentility, have in general no higher origin than the caprice of barbers, tailors, actors, opera-dancers, milliners, fiddlers, and French servants of both sexes. I cannot help, therefore, asserting, said he very seriously, that this little peasant has within his mind the seeds of true gentility and dignity of character; and, though I shall also wish that our son may possess all the common accomplishments of his rank, nothing would give me more pleasure than a certainty that he would never in any respect fall below the son of farmer Sandford.

Whether Mrs. Merton fully acceded to these observations of her husband I cannot decide, but without waiting to hear her particular sentiments, he thus went on:—Should I appear more warm than usual upon this subject, you must pardon me, my dear, and attribute it to the interest I feel in the welfare of our little Tommy. I am too sensible, that our mutual fondness has hitherto treated him with rather too much indulgence. While we have been over solicitous to remove from him every painful and disagreeable impression, we have made him too delicate and fretful; our desire of constantly consulting his inclinations, has made us gratify even his caprices and hu-

mours; and, while we have been too studious to preserve him from restraint and opposition, we have in reality been the cause why he has not acquired even the common acquisitions of his age and situation. All this I have long observed in silence; but have hitherto concealed, both from my fondness for our child, and my fear of offending you. But at length a consideration of his real interests has prevailed over every other motive, and has compelled me to embrace a resolution which I hope will not be disagreeable to you, that of sending him directly to Mr. Barlow, provided he will take the care of him: and I think this accidental acquaintance with young Sandford may prove the luckiest thing in the world, as he is so nearly of the age and size of our Tommy. I will therefore propose to the farmer that I will for some years pay for the board and education of his little boy, that he may be a constant companion to our son.

As Mr. Merton said this with a certain degree of firmness, and the proposal was in itself so reasonable and necessary, Mrs. Merton did not make any objection to it, but consented, although very reluctantly, to part with her son. Mr. Barlow was accordingly invited to dinner the next Sunday, and Mr. Merton took an opportunity of introducing the subject, and making the proposal to him; assuring him, at the same time, that, though there was no return within the bounds of his fortune which he would not willingly make, yet the education and improvement of his son were objects of so much importance to him, that he should always consider himself as the obliged party.

To this Mr. Barlow, after thanking Mr. Merton for the confidence and liberality with which he treated him, answered in the following manner:—I should be little worthy of the distinguished regard with which you treat me,

did I not with the greatest sincerity assure you, that I feel myself totally unqualified for such a task. I am, Sir, a Minister of the Gospel, and I would not exchange that character, and the severe duties it enjoins, for any other situation in life. But you must be sensible that the retired manner of life which I have led, for these twenty years, in consequence of my profession, at a distance from the gaieties of the capital and the refinements of polite life, is little adapted to form such a tutor as the manners and opinions of the world require for your son. Gentlemen in your situation of life are accustomed to divide the world into two general classes; those that are persons of fashion, and those that are not. The first class contains every thing that is valuable in life; and therefore their manners, their prejudices, their very vices, must be inculcated upon the minds of children from the earliest period of infancy; the second comprehends the great body of mankind, who, under the general name of the vulgar, are represented as being only objects of contempt and disgust, and scarcely worthy to be put upon a footing with the very beasts that contribute to the pleasure and convenience of their superiors.

Mr. Merton could not help interrupting Mr. Barlow here, to assure him, that, though there was too much truth in the observation, yet he must not think that either he, or Mrs. Merton, carried things to that extravagant length; and that, although they wished their son to have the manners of a man of fashion, they thought his morals and religion of infinitely more consequence.

If you think so, said Mr. Barlow, Sir, it is more than a noble Lord did, whose written opinions are now considered as the oracles of polite life, and more than I believe most of his admirers do at this time. But if you allow

what I have just mentioned to be the common distinctions of genteel people, you must at one glance perceive how little I must be qualified to educate a young gentleman intended to move in that sphere; I, whose temper, reason, and religion, equally combine to make me reject the principles upon which those distinctions are founded.

Mr. Barlow now proceeded to state somewhat at large his notions concerning the nature of genuine religion, and the means of forming the human character to its most valuable qualifications. When he had finished—

Sir, said Mr. Merton, I will make no other answer to what you have now been saying, than to tell you it adds, if possible, to my esteem of your character, and that I will deliver my son into your hands, upon your own conditions. And as to the terms—

Pardon me, replied Mr. Barlow, if I interrupt you here, and give you another specimen of the singularity of my opinions. I am contented to take your son for some months under my care, and to endeavour, by every means within my power, to improve him. But there is one circumstance which is indispensible; that you permit me to have the pleasure of serving you as a friend. If you approve of my ideas and conduct, I will keep him as long as you desire. In the mean time, as there are, I fear, some little circumstances which have grown up by too much tenderness and indulgence, to be altered in his character, I think that I shall possess more of the necessary influence and authority, if I for the present appear to him and your whole family rather in the light of a friend than that of a schoolmaster.

However disagreeable this proposal was to the generosity of Mr. Merton, he was obliged to consent to it; and little Tommy was accordingly sent the next day to the vi-

carage, which was at the distance of about two miles from his father's house.

The day after Tommy came to Mr. Barlow's, as soon as breakfast was over, he took him and Harry into the garden: when he was there, he took a spade into his own hand, and giving Harry an hoe, they both began to work with great eagerness. Every body that eats, says Mr. Barlow, ought to assist in procuring food, and therefore little Harry and I begin our daily work; this is my bed, and that other is his; we work upon it every day, and he that raises the most out of it, will deserve to fare the best. Now, Tommy, if you choose to join us, I will mark you out a piece of ground, which you shall have to yourself, and all the produce shall be your own. No, indeed, says Tommy, very sulkily, I am a gentleman, and don't choose to slave like a plough-boy. Just as you please, Mr. Gentleman, said Mr. Barlow; but Harry and I, who are not above being useful, will mind our work. In about two hours Mr. Barlow said it was time to leave off, and taking Harry by the hand, he led him into a very pleasant summer-house, where they sat down, and Mr. Barlow, taking out a plate of very fine ripe cherries, divided them between Harry and himself. Tommy, who had followed, and expected his share, when he saw them both eating without taking any notice of him, could no longer restrain his passion, but burst into a violent fit of sobbing and crying.

What is the matter? said Mr. Barlow very coolly t him. Tommy looked upon him very sulkily, but returned no answer. Oh! Sir, if you don't choose to give me an answer, you may be silent; nobody is obliged to speak here. Tommy became still more disconcerted at this, and, being unable to conceal his anger, ran out of the summer-house, and wandered very disconsolately about the gar-

den; equally surprised and vexed to find that he was now in a place where nobody felt any concern whether he was pleased or the contrary. When all the cherries were eaten, little Harry said, You promised to be so good as to hear me read when we had done working in the garden; and if it is agreeable to you, I will now read the story of the Flies and the Ants. With all my heart, said Mr. Barlow: remember to read it slowly and distinctly, without hesitating, or pronouncing the words wrong; and be sure to read it in such a manner as to show that you understand it. Harry then took up the book, and read as follows:

THE FLIES AND THE ANTS.

In a corner of a farmer's garden, there once happened to be a nest of ants, who, during all the fine weather of the summer, were employed all day long in drawing little seeds and grains of corn into their hole. Near them there happened to be a bed of flowers, upon which a great quantity of flies used to be always sporting, and humming, and diverting themselves by flying from one flower to another. A little boy, who was the farmer's son, used frequently to observe the different employments of these animals; and, as he was very young and ignorant, he one day thus expressed himself:—Can any creature be so simple as these ants? All day long they are working and toiling, instead of enjoying the fine weather, and diverting themselves like these flies, who are the happiest creatures in the world.— Some time after he had made this observation, the weather grew extremely cold, the sun was scarcely seen to shine, and the nights were chill and frosty. The same little boy, walking in the garden with his father, did not see a single ant, but all the flies lay scattered up and down, either dead or dying. As he was very good-natured, he could not help

pitying the unfortunate animals, and asking, at the same time, what had happened to the ants that he used to see in the same place? The father said, the flies are all dead, because they were careless animals, who gave themselves no trouble about laying up provisions, and were too idle to work: but the ants, who have been busy all the summer, in providing for their maintenance during the winter, are all alive and well; and you will see them again, as soon as the warm weather returns.

Very well, Harry, says Mr. Barlow; we will now take a walk. They accordingly rambled out into the fields, where Mr. Barlow made Harry take notice of several kinds of plants, and told him the names and nature of them. At last, Harry, who had observed some very pretty red berries upon a plant that bore a purple flower and grew in the hedges, brought them to Mr. Barlow, and asked whether they were good to eat. It is very lucky, said Mr. Barlow, young man, that you asked the question before you put them into your mouth; for had you tasted them, they would have given you violent pains in your head and stomach, and perhaps have killed you, as they grow upon a plant called nightshade, which is a rank poison. Sir, says Harry, I take care never to eat any thing without knowing what it is; and I hope, if you will be so good as to continue to teach me, I shall very soon know the names and qualities of all the herbs which grow. As they were returning home, Harry saw a very large bird, called a kite, upon the ground, who seemed to have something in his claws, which he was tearing to pieces. Harry, who knew him to be one of those ravenous creatures which prey upon others, ran up to him, shouting as loud as he could, and the bird being frightened flew away, and left a chick-

en behind him, very much hurt indeed, but still alive. Look, Sir, said Harry, if that cruel creature has not almost killed this poor chicken! see how he bleeds, and hangs his wings!—I will put him into my bosom, to recover him, and carry him home; and he shall have part of my dinner every day, till he is well, and able to shift for himself.

As soon as they came home, the first care of little Harry was to put his wounded chicken into a basket with some fresh straw, some water, and some bread: after that, Mr. Barlow and he went to dinner. In the mean time, Tommy, who had been skulking about all day, very much mortified and uneasy, came in, and, being very hungry, was going to sit down to the table with the rest; but Mr. Barlow stopped him, and said, No, Sir, as you are too much a gentleman to work, we, who are not so, do not choose to work for the idle. Upon this, Tommy retired into a corner, crying as if his heart would break, but more from grief than passion, as he began to perceive that nobody minded his ill-temper. But little Harry, who could not bear to see his friend so unhappy, looked up half crying into Mr. Barlow's face, and said, Pray, Sir, may I do as I please with my share of the dinner? Yes, to be sure, child. Why then, said he, getting up, I will give it all to poor Tommy, that wants it more than I do. Saying this, he gave it to him as he sat in the corner; and Tommy took it, and thanked him, without ever turning his eyes from off the ground. I see, says Mr. Barlow, that, though gentlemen are above being of any use themselves, they are not above taking the bread that other people have been working hard for. At this Tommy cried still more bitterly than before.

The next day Mr. Barlow and Harry went to work as

before; but they had scarcely begun before Tommy came to them, and desired that he might have an hoe too, which Mr. Barlow gave him: but as he had never before learned to handle one, he was very awkward in the use of it, and hit himself several strokes upon the legs. Mr. Barlow then laid down his own spade, and showed him how to hold and use it, by which means, in a very short time, he became very expert, and worked with the greatest pleasure. When their work was over, they retired all three to the summer-house; and Tommy felt the greatest joy imaginable when the fruit was produced, and he was invited to take his share, which seemed to him the most delicious he had ever tasted, because working in the air had given him an appetite. As soon as they had done eating, Mr. Barlow took up a book, and asked Tommy whether he would read them a story out of it; but he, looking a little ashamed, said, he had never learned to read. I am very sorry for it, said Mr. Barlow, because you lose a very great pleasure; then Harry shall read to you.

From this time forward, Mr. Barlow and his two little pupils used constantly to work in their garden every morning, and when they were tired, they retired to the summer-house, where little Harry, who improved every day in reading, used to entertain them with some pleasant story or other, which Tommy always listened to with the greatest pleasure. But little Harry, going home for a week, Tommy and Mr. Barlow were left alone. The next day, after they had done work, and were retired to the summer-house as usual, Tommy expected Mr. Barlow would read to him, but to his great disappointment found that he was busy, and could not. The next day the same accident was renewed, and the day after that. At this Tommy lost all patience, and said to himself, Now if I

could but read like Harry Sandford, I should not need to ask any body to do it for me, and then I could divert myself: and why, thinks he, may not I do what another has done? To be sure, little Harry is very clever, but he could not have read if he had not been taught; and if I am taught, I dare say, I shall learn to read as well as he. Well, as soon as ever he comes home, I am determined to ask him about it.—The next day, little Harry returned, and as soon as Tommy had an opportunity of being alone with him, Pray, Harry, says Tommy, how came you to be able to read? Why, Mr. Barlow taught me my letters, and then spelling, and then, by putting syllables together, I learned to read. *Tommy.*—And could not you show me my letters? *Harry.*—Yes, very willingly. Harry then took up a book, and Tommy was so eager and attentive, that at the very first lesson he learned the whole alphabet. He was infinitely pleased with this first experiment, and could scarcely forbear running to Mr. Barlow, to let him know the improvement he had made; but he thought he should surprise him more, if he said nothing about the matter till he was able to read a whole story. He therefore applied himself with such diligence, and little Harry, who spared no pains to assist his friend, was so good a master, that in about two months he determined to surprise Mr. Barlow with a display of his talents. Accordingly, one day, when they were all assembled in the summer-house, and the book was given to Harry, Tommy stood up and said, that, if Mr. Barlow pleased, he would try to read. Oh! very willingly, said Mr. Barlow; but I should as soon expect you to fly as to read. Tommy smiled with a consciousness of his own proficiency, and taking up the book, read, with great fluency,

THE HISTORY OF THE TWO DOGS.

In a part of the world, where there are many strong and fierce wild beasts, a poor man happened to bring up two puppies of that kind which is most valued for size and courage. As they appeared to possess more than common strength and agility, he thought he should make an acceptable present to his landlord, who was a rich man living in a great city, by giving him one of them, who was called Jowler; while he brought up the other, named Keeper, to guard his own flocks. From this time, the manner of living was entirely altered between the brother whelps. Jowler was sent into a plentiful kitchen, where he quickly became the favourite of all the servants, who diverted themselves with his little tricks and wanton gambols, and rewarded him with great quantities of pot-liquor and broken victuals; by which means, as he was stuffing from morning till night, he increased considerably in size, and grew sleek and comely. He was, indeed, rather unwieldy, and so cowardly, that he would run away from a dog who was only half as big as himself. He was much addicted to gluttony, and was often beaten for the thefts he committed in the pantry; but as he had learned to fawn on the footmen, and would stand upon his hind legs to beg, when he was ordered, and, besides this, would fetch and carry, he was mightily caressed by all the neighbourhood.

Keeper, in the mean time, who lived at a cottage in the country, neither fared so well, looked so plump, nor had learned all these pretty little tricks to recommend him. But as his master was too poor to maintain any thing but what was useful, and was obliged to be continually in the

air, subject to all kinds of weather, and worked hard for a livelihood, Keeper grew hardy, active, and diligent: he was also exposed to continual danger from the wolves, from whom he had received many a severe bite, while he was guarding the flocks. These continual combats gave him that degree of intrepidity that no enemy could make him turn his back. His care and assiduity so well defended the sheep of his master, that not one had ever been missing since they were placed under his protection. His honesty too was so great, that no temptation could overpower it: and, though he was left alone in the kitchen while the meat was roasting, he never attempted to taste it, but received with thankfulness whatever his master chose to give him. From a continual life in the air, he was become so hardy that no tempest could drive him to shelter, when he ought to be employed in watching the flocks; and he would plunge into the most rapid river, in the coldest weather of the winter, at the slightest sign from his master.

About this time, it happened that the landlord of the poor man went to examine his estate in the country, and brought Jowler with him to the place of his birth. At his arrival there, he could not help viewing with great contempt the rough, ragged appearance of Keeper, and his awkward look, which discovered nothing of the address for which he so much admired Jowler. This opinion, however, was altered by means of an accident which happened to him. As he was one day walking in a thick wood, with no other company than the two dogs, an hungry wolf, with eyes that sparkled like fire, bristling hair, and an horrid snarl that made the gentleman tremble, rushed out of a neighbouring thicket, and seemed ready to devour him. The unfortunate man gave himself over for lost, more especially when he saw that his faithful Jowler, instead of

coming to his assistance, ran sneaking away, with his tail between his legs, howling with fear. But in this moment of despair, the undaunted Keeper, who had followed him humble and unobserved, at a distance, flew to his assistance, and attacked the wolf with so much courage and skill, that he was compelled to exert all his strength in his own defence. The battle was long and bloody, but in the end Keeper laid the wolf dead at his feet, though not without receiving several severe wounds himself, and presenting a bloody and mangled spectacle to the eyes of his master, who came up at that instant. The gentleman was filled with joy for his escape, and gratitude to his valiant deliverer; and learned by his own experience that appearances are not always to be trusted, and that great virtues and good dispositions may sometimes be found in cottages, while they are totally wanting among the great.

Very well indeed, says Mr. Barlow. I find that when young gentlemen choose to take pains, they can do things almost as well as other people. But what do you say to the story you have been reading, Tommy? Would you rather have owned the genteel dog that left his master to be devoured, or the poor, rough, ragged, meagre, neglected cur, that exposed his own life in his defence? Indeed, Sir, says Tommy, I would rather have had Keeper; but then I would have fed him, and washed him, and combed him, till he had looked as well as Jowler. But then perhaps he would have grown idle and fat, and cowardly, like him, says Mr. Barlow: but here is some more of it; let us read the end of the story. Tommy then went on thus:

The gentleman was so pleased with the noble behaviour

of Keeper, that he desired the poor man to make him a present of the dog, which, though with some reluctance, he complied with. Keeper was therefore taken to the city, where he was caressed and fed by every body, and the disgraced Jowler was left at the cottage, with strict injunctions to the man to hang him up, as a worthless, unprofitable cur.

As soon as the gentleman had departed, the poor man was going to execute his commission; but considering the noble size and comely look of the dog, and, above all, being moved with pity for the poor animal, who wagged his tail, and licked his new master's feet, just as he was putting the cord about his neck, he determined to spare his life, and see whether a different treatment might not produce different manners. From this day, Jowler was in every respect treated as his brother Keeper had been before. He was fed but scantily, and from this spare diet soon grew more active and fond of exercise. The first shower he was in, he ran away as he had been accustomed to do, and sneaked to the fire-side; but the farmer's wife soon drove him out of doors, and compelled him to bear the rigour of the weather. In consequence of this, he daily became more vigorous and hardy, and, in a few months, regarded cold and rain no more than if he had been brought up in the country. Changed as he already was, in many respects for the better, he still retained an insurmountable dread of wild beasts, till one day, as he was wandering through a wood alone, he was attacked by a large and fierce wolf, who, jumping out of a thicket, seized him by the neck with fury. Jowler would fain have run, but his enemy was too swift and violent to suffer him to escape. Necessity makes even cowards brave. Jowler being thus stopped in his retreat, turned upon his enemy, and, very

luckily seizing him by the throat, strangled him in an instant. His master then coming up, and being witness of his exploit, praised him, and stroked him with a degree of fondness he had never done before. Animated by this victory, and by the approbation of his master, Jowler, from that time, became as brave as he had before been pusillanimous; and there was very soon no dog in the country who was so great a terror to beasts of prey.—In the mean time, Keeper, instead of hunting wild beasts, or looking after sheep, did nothing but eat and sleep, which he was permitted to do from a remembrance of his past services. As all qualities both of mind and body are lost, if not continually exercised, he soon ceased to be that hardy, courageous, enterprising animal he was before, and acquired all the faults which are the consequence of idleness and gluttony. About this time, the gentleman went again into the country, and carrying his dog with him, was willing that he should exercise his prowess once more against his ancient enemies the wolves. Accordingly, the country people having quickly found one, in a neighbouring wood, the gentleman went thither with Keeper, expecting to see him behave as he had done the year before. But how great was his surprise, when, at the first onset, he saw his beloved dog run away with every mark of timidity? At this moment another dog sprang forward, and seizing the wolf with the greatest intrepidity, after a bloody contest, left him dead upon the ground. The gentleman could not help lamenting the cowardice of his favourite, and admiring the noble spirit of the other dog, whom, to his infinite surprise, he found to be the same Jowler he had discarded the year before. I now see, said he to the farmer, that it is in vain to expect courage in those who live a life of indolence and repose; and that constant exer-

cise and proper discipline are frequently able to change contemptible characters into good ones.

Indeed, says Mr. Barlow, when the story was ended, I am sincerely glad to find that Tommy has made this acquisition. He will now depend upon nobody, but be able to divert himself whenever he pleases. All that has ever been written in our own language will be from this time in his power; whether he chooses to read little entertaining stories like what we have heard to-day, or to read the actions of great and good men in history, or to make himself acquainted with the nature of wild beasts and birds, which are found in other countries, and have been described in books: in short, I know of scarcely any thing which from this moment will not be in his power; and I do not despair of one day seeing him a very sensible man, capable of teaching and instructing others.

Yes, says Tommy, something elated by this praise, I am determined now to make myself as clever as any body; and I don't doubt, though I am such a little fellow, that I know more already than many grown up people: and I am sure, though there are no less than six blacks in our house, that there is not one of them who can read a story like me. Mr. Barlow looked a little grave at this sudden display of vanity, and said rather coolly, Pray, who has attempted to teach them any thing? Nobody, I believe, said Tommy. Where is the great wonder then, if they are ignorant? replied Mr. Barlow. You would probably have never known any thing, had you not been assisted; and even now you know very little.

In this manner did Mr. Barlow begin the education of Tommy Merton, who had naturally very good dispositions although he had been suffered to acquire many bad habits, that sometimes prevented them from appearing. He was,

particularly, very passionate, and thought he had a right to command every body that was not dressed as fine as himself. This opinion often led him into inconveniencies, and once was the occasion of his being very severely mortified. This accident happened in the following manner:—One day, as Tommy was striking a ball with his bat, he struck it over an hedge, into an adjoining field, and seeing a little ragged boy walking along on that side, he ordered him, in a very peremptory tone, to bring it to him. The little boy, without taking any notice of what was said, walked on, and left the ball; upon which Tommy called out more loudly than before, and asked if he did not hear what was said? Yes, said the boy, for the matter of that, I am not deaf. Oh! you are not, replied Tommy; then bring me my ball directly. I don't choose it, said the boy. Sirrah, said Tommy, if I come to you, I shall make you choose it. Perhaps not, said the boy, my pretty little master. You little rascal, said Tommy, who now began to be very angry, if I come over the hedge, I will thrash you within an inch of your life. To this the other made no answer but by a loud laugh, which provoked Tommy so much, that he clambered over the hedge, and jumped precipitately down, intending to have leaped into the field; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and down he rolled into a wet ditch, which was full of mud and water. There poor Tommy tumbled about for some time, endeavouring to get out, but it was to no purpose; for his feet stuck in the mud, or slipped off from the bank; his fine waistcoat was dirtied all over, his white stockings covered with mire, his breeches filled with puddle water. To add to his distress, he first lost one shoe, and then the other; his laced hat tumbled off from his head, and was completely spoiled. In this distress he must probably have remained

a considerable time, had not the little ragged boy taken pity on him, and helped him out. Tommy was so vexed and ashamed, that he could not say a word, but ran home in such a dirty plight, that Mr. Barlow, who happened to meet him, was afraid he had been considerably hurt; but when he heard the accident which had happened he could not help smiling, and he advised Tommy to be more careful for the future, how he attempted to thrash little ragged boys.

Sir, answered Tommy, a little confused, I should not have attempted to beat him, only he would not bring me my ball. *Mr. B.* And what right had you to oblige him to bring your ball? *T.* Sir, he was a little ragged boy, and I am a gentleman. *Mr. B.* So then, every gentleman has a right to command little ragged boys. *T.* To be sure, Sir. *Mr. B.* Then, if your clothes should wear out, and become ragged, every gentleman will have a right to command you. Tommy looked a little foolish, and said, But he might have done it, as he was on that side of the hedge. *Mr. B.* And so he probably would have done, if you had asked him civilly to do it; but when persons speak in an haughty tone, they will find few inclined to serve them. —But as the boy was poor and ragged, I suppose you hired him with money to fetch your ball. *T.* Indeed, Sir, I did not; I neither gave him any thing, nor offered him any thing. *Mr. B.* Probably you had nothing to give him. *T.* Yes I had though—I had all this money (pulling out several shillings.) *Mr. B.* Perhaps the boy was as rich as you. *T.* No, he was not, Sir, I am sure; for he had no coat, and his waistcoat and breeches were all tattered and ragged: besides, he had no stockings, and his shoes were full of holes. *Mr. B.* So now I see what constitutes a gentleman——A gentleman is one, that, when he has

abundance of every thing, keeps it all to himself; beats poor people if they don't serve him for nothing; and, when they have done him the greatest favour, in spite of his insolence, never feels any gratitude, or does them any good in return.

Tommy was so affected with this rebuke that he could hardly contain his tears, and, as he was really a boy of a generous temper, he determined to give the little ragged boy something the very first time he should see him again. He did not long wait for an opportunity: for, as he was walking out that very afternoon, he saw him at some distance gathering blackberries, and going up to him, he accosted him thus: Little boy, I want to know why you are so ragged; have you no other clothes? No indeed, said the boy; I have seven brothers and sisters, and they are all as ragged as myself: but I should not much mind that, if I could get my belly full of victuals. *T.* And why cannot you have your belly full of victuals? *Little boy.* Because daddy's ill of a fever, and can't work this harvest; so that mammy says we must all starve, if God Almighty does not take care of us. Tommy made no answer, but ran full speed to the house, whence he presently returned, loaded with a loaf of bread, and a complete suit of his own clothes. Here, little boy, said he, you were very good-natured to me, and so I will give you all this, because I am a gentleman, and can have many more. Nothing could equal the joy which appeared in the boy's countenance at receiving this present, excepting what Tommy himself felt the first time at the idea of doing a generous and grateful action. He strutted away without waiting for the little boy's acknowledgments, and happening to meet Mr. Barlow, as he was returning home, told him, with an air of exultation, what he had done. Mr. Barlow coldly answer-

ed, You have done very well in giving the little boy clothes, because they are your own: but what right have you to give away my loaf of bread, without asking my consent? *T.* Why, Sir, I did it because the little boy said he was very hungry, and had seven brothers and sisters, and that his father was ill, and could not work. *Mr. B.* This is a very good reason why you should give them what belongs to yourself; but not why you should give away what is another's. What would you say, if Harry were to give away all your clothes without asking your leave. *T.* I should not like it at all; and I will not give away your things any more without asking your leave. You will do well, said Mr. Barlow: and here is a little story you may read upon this very subject.

THE STORY OF CYRUS.

Cyrus was a little boy of very good dispositions, and a very humane temper. He had several masters, that endeavoured to teach him every thing that was good, and he was educated with several little boys about his own age. One evening, his father asked him what he had done or learned that day. Sir, said Cyrus, I was punished to-day for deciding unjustly. How so? said his father. *Cyrus.* There were two boys, one of whom was a great, and the other a little boy. Now it happened that the little boy had a coat that was much too big for him; but the great boy had one that scarcely reached below his middle, and was too tight for him in every part; upon which the great boy proposed to the little boy to change coats with him, because then, said he, we shall be both exactly fitted; for your coat is as much too big for you, as mine is too little for me. The little boy would not consent to the proposal; upon which the great boy took his coat away by force, and

gave his own to the little boy in exchange. While they were disputing upon this subject, I chanced to pass by, and they agreed to make me judge of the affair. But I decided that the little boy should keep the little coat, and the great boy the great one, for which judgment my master punished me. Why so? said Cyrus's father; was not the little coat most proper for the little boy, and the large coat for the great boy? Yes, Sir, answered Cyrus; but my master told me I was not made judge to examine which coat best fitted either of the boys, but to decide whether it was just that the great boy should take away the coat of the little one against his consent, and therefore I decided unjustly, and deserved to be punished.

Just as the story was finished they were surprised to see a little ragged boy come running up to them, with a bundle of clothes under his arm: his eyes were black as if he had been severely beaten, his nose was swelled, his shirt was bloody, and his waistcoat did but just hang upon his back, so much was it torn. He came running up to Tommy, and threw down the bundle before him, saying, Here, master, take your clothes again, and I wish that they had been at the bottom of the ditch I pulled you out of, instead of upon my back;—but I never will put such frippery on again, as long as I have breath in my body. What is the matter, said Mr. Barlow, who perceived that some unfortunate accident had happened in consequence of Tommy's present? Sir, answered the little boy, my little master here was going to beat me, because I would not fetch his ball. Now as to the matter of that, I would have brought his ball with all my heart, if he had but asked me civilly. But though I am poor, I am not bound to be his slave, as they say black William is, and so I would not: upon which

little master here was jumping over the hedge to lick me, but instead of that, he soused into the ditch, and there he lay rolling about till I helped him out. And so he gave me these clothes here, all out of good-will, and I put them on, like a fool as I was; for they are all made of silk, and look so fine that all the little boys followed me, and hallooed as I went, and Jack Dowset threw a handful of dirt at me, and dirtied me all over. Oh! says I, Jacky, are you at that work?—and with that I hit him a punch in the belly, and sent him roaring away. But Billy Gibson, and Ned Kelly came up, and said I looked like a Frenchman; and so we began fighting, and I beat them till they both gave out; but I don't choose to be hallooed after, wherever I go, and to look like a Frenchman, and so I have brought master his clothes again.

Mr. Barlow asked the little boy where his father lived; and he told him that his father lived about two miles off, across the common, and at the end of Runny Lane; upon which Mr. Barlow told Harry that he would send the poor man some broth and victuals, if he would carry it when it was ready. That I will, says Harry, if it were five times as far: so Mr. Barlow went into the house to give orders about it. In the mean time, Tommy, who had eyed the little boy for some time in silence, said, So, my poor boy, you have been beaten and hurt till you are all over bloody, only because I gave you my clothes; I am really very sorry for it. Thank you, little master, said the boy, but it can't be helped; you did not intend me any hurt I know, and I am not such a chicken as to mind a beating: so I wish you a good afternoon with all my heart.—As soon as the little boy was gone, Tommy said, I wish I had but some clothes that the poor boy could wear, for he seems very good-natured; I would give them to him. That you

may very easily have, said Harry; for there is a shop in the village hard by, where they sell all manner of clothes for the poor people; and, as you have money, you may easily buy some.

Harry and Tommy then agreed to go early the next morning to buy some clothes for the poor children. They accordingly set out before breakfast, and had proceeded nearly half way, when they heard the noise of a pack of hounds that seemed to be running full cry at some distance. Tommy then asked Harry if he knew what they were about. Yes, says Harry, I know well enough what they are about; it is Squire Chase and his dogs worrying a poor hare. But I wonder they are not ashamed to meddle with such a poor inoffensive creature that cannot defend itself.

As they were talking in this manner, Harry, casting his eyes on one side, said, As I am alive, there is the poor hare skulking along. I hope they will not be able to find her, and if they ask me, I will never tell them which way she is gone. Presently up came the dogs, who had now lost all scent of their game, and a gentleman mounted upon a fine horse, who asked Harry if he had seen the hare. Harry made no answer; but upon the gentleman's repeating the question in a louder tone of voice, he answered that he had. And which way is she gone, said the gentleman? Sir, I don't choose to tell you, answered Harry, after some hesitation. Not choose! said the gentleman, leaping off his horse, but I'll make you choose in an instant; and coming up to Harry, who never moved from the place where he had been standing, began to lash him in a most unmerciful manner with his whip, continually repeating, Now! you little rascal, do you choose to tell me now! To which Harry made no other answer than

this—If I would not tell you before, I won't now, though you should kill me. But this fortitude of Harry, and the tears of Tommy, who cried in the bitterest manner to see the distress of his friend, made no impression upon this barbarian, who continued his brutality, till another gentleman rode up full speed, and said, For God's sake, Squire, what are you about? You will kill the child if you do not take care. And the little dog deserves it, said the other; he has seen the hare, and will not tell me which way she is gone. Take care, replied the gentleman, in a low voice, you don't involve yourself in a disagreeable affair; I know the other to be the son of a gentleman of great fortune in the neighbourhood: and then turning to Harry, he said, Why, my dear, would not you tell the gentleman which way the hare had gone, if you saw her? Because, answered Harry, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, I don't choose to betray the unfortunate. This boy, said the gentleman, is a prodigy; and it is an happy thing for you, Squire, that his age is not equal to his spirit. But you are always passionate——At this moment the hounds recovered the scent, and bursting out into a full cry, the Squire mounted his horse and gallopped away, attended by all his companions.

When they were gone, Tommy came up to Harry in the most affectionate manner, and asked him how he did? A little sore, says Harry, but that does not signify. Oh! says Tommy, I wish I had had a pistol, or a sword! *H.* Why, what would you have done with it? *T.* I would have killed that good-for-nothing man who treated you so cruelly. *H.* That would have been wrong, Tommy; for I am sure he did not want to kill me. Indeed, if I had been a man, he should not have used me so; but it is all over now, and we ought to forgive our enemies, as Mr.

Barlow tells us Christ did; and then, perhaps, they may come to love us, and be sorry for what they had done. *T*. But how could you bear to be so severely whipped, without crying out? *H*. Why, crying out would have done me no good at all, would it? And this is nothing to what many little boys have suffered without ever flinching or bemoaning themselves. *T*. Well, I should have thought it a great deal.

As they were conversing in this manner they approached the village, where Tommy laid out all his money, amounting to fifteen shillings and sixpence, in buying some clothes for the little ragged boy and his brothers, which were made up in a bundle, and given to him; but he desired Harry to carry them for him. That I will, said Harry; but why don't you choose to carry them yourself? *T*. Why, it is not fit for a gentleman to carry things himself. *H*. Why, what hurt does it do him, if he is but strong enough? *T*. I do not know—but I believe it is that he may not look like the common people. *H*. Then he should not have hands, or feet, or eyes, or ears, or mouth, because the common people have the same. *T*. No, no, he must have all these because they are useful. *H*. And is it not useful to be able to do things for ourselves? *T*. Yes, but gentlemen have others to do what they want for them. *H*. Then I should think it must be a bad thing to be a gentleman. *T*. Why so? *H*. Because, if all were gentlemen, nobody would do any thing, and then we should be all starved. *T*. Starved! *H*. Yes, why you could not live, could you, without bread? *T*. No, I know that very well. *H*. And bread is made of a plant that grows in the earth, and is called wheat. *T*. Why then I would gather it and eat it. *H*. Then you must do something for yourself: but that would not do, for wheat is a small

hard grain, like the oats which you have sometimes given to Mr. Barlow's horse; and you would not like to eat them. *T.* No, certainly; but how comes bread then? *H.* Why, they send the corn to the mill? *T.* What is a mill? *H.* What, did you never see a mill? *T.* No, never; but I should like to see one, that I may know how they make bread. *H.* There is one at a little distance, and if you ask Mr. Barlow, he will go with you, for he knows the miller very well. *T.* That I will, for I should like to see them make bread.

As they were conversing in this manner they heard a great outcry, and turning their heads, saw a horse that was gallopping violently along, and dragging his rider along with him, who had fallen off, and in falling hitched his foot in the stirrup. Luckily for the person, it happened to be wet ground, and the side of an hill, which prevented the horse from going very fast, and the rider from being much hurt. But Harry, who was always prepared to do an act of humanity, even with the danger of his life, and, besides that, was a boy of extraordinary courage and agility, ran up towards a gap which he saw the horse approaching, and just as he made a little pause before he vaulted over, caught him by the bridle, and effectually stopped him from proceeding. In an instant, another gentleman came up with two or three servants, who alighted from their horses, disengaged the fallen person, and set him upon his legs. He stared wildly round him for some time; but as he was not materially hurt, he soon recovered his senses, and the first use he made of them was to swear at his horse, and to ask who had stopped the confounded jade? Who? said his friend; why the very little boy that you used so scandalously this morning: had it not been for his dexterity and cou-

rage, that numskull of yours would have had more flaws in it than it ever had before. The Squire considered Harry with a countenance in which shame and humiliation seemed yet to struggle with his natural insolence; but at length putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out a guinea, which he offered to Harry, telling him at the same time he was very sorry for what had happened. But Harry, with a look of more contempt than he had ever been seen to assume before, rejected the present, and taking up the bundle which he had dropt at the same time he seized the Squire's horse, walked away, accompanied by his companion.

As it was not far out of their way, they agreed to call at the poor man's cottage, whom they found much better, as Mr. Barlow had been there the preceding night, and given him such medicines as he judged proper for his disease. Tommy then asked for the little boy, and upon his coming in, told him that he had now brought him some clothes which he might wear without fear of being called a Frenchman, as well as some more for his little brothers. The pleasure with which they were received was so great, and the acknowledgments and blessings of the good woman and the poor men, who had just began to sit up, were so many, that little Tommy could not help shedding tears of compassion, in which he was joined by Harry. As they were returning, Tommy said that he had never spent any money with so much pleasure, as that with which he had purchased clothes for this poor family; and that for the future he would take care of all the money that was given him, for that purpose, instead of laying it out in eatables and play-things.

Some few days after this, as Mr. Barlow and the two boys were walking out together, they happened to pass

near a wind-mill, and upon Harry's telling Tommy what it was, Tommy desired leave to go into it, and look at it. This Mr. Barlow consented to; and being acquainted with the miller, they all went in, and examined every part of it with great curiosity; and there little Tommy saw with astonishment, that the sails of the mill being continually turned round by the wind, moved a great flat stone, which, by rubbing upon another stone, bruised all the corn that was put between them, till it became a fine powder. Oh! dear, says Tommy, is this the way they make bread? Mr. Barlow told him this was the method by which the corn was prepared for making bread; but that many other things were necessary, before it arrived at that state. You see that what runs from these mill-stones is only a fine powder, very different from bread, which is a solid and tolerably hard substance.

As they were going home, Harry said to Tommy, So you see now that if nobody chose to work, or do any thing for himself, we should have no bread to eat. But you could not even have the corn to make it of, without a great deal of pains and labour. Why not? said Tommy; does not corn grow in the ground, of itself? *H.* Corn grows in the ground, but then first it is necessary to plough the ground, to break it to pieces. *T.* What's ploughing? *H.* Did you never see three or four horses drawing something along the fields in a straight line, while one man drove, and another walked behind, holding the thing by two handles? *T.* Yes, I have, and is that ploughing? *H.* It is—and there is a sharp iron underneath, which runs into the ground, and turns it up all the way it goes. *T.* Well, and what then? *H.* When the ground is thus prepared, they sow the seed all over it, and then they rake it over to cover the seed, and then

the seed begins to grow, and shoots up very high, and at last the corn ripens, and they reap it, and carry it home. I protest, says Tommy, it must be very curious, and I should like to sow some seed myself, and see it grow; do you think I could? Yes, certainly, said Harry; and if you will dig the ground to-morrow, I will go home to my father, in order to procure some seed for you. The next morning Tommy was up almost as soon as it was light, and went to work in a corner of the garden, where he dug with great perseverance till breakfast: when he came in he could not help telling Mr. Barlow what he had done, and asking him, whether he was not a very good boy, for working so hard to raise corn? That, said Mr. Barlow, depends upon the use you intend to make of it, when you have raised it. What is it you intend doing with it? Why, Sir, said Tommy, I intend to send it to the mill that we saw, and have it ground into flour; and then I will get you to show me how to make bread of it; and then I will eat it, that I may tell my father that I have eaten bread out of corn of my own sowing. That will be very well done, said Mr. Barlow; but where will be the great goodness that you sow corn for your own eating? That is no more than all the people round continually do; and if they did not do it, they would be obliged to fast. But then, said Tommy, they are not gentlemen, as I am. What then, answered Mr. Barlow, must not gentlemen eat as well as others, and therefore is it not for their interest to know how to procure food as well as other people? Yes, Sir, answered Tommy, but they can have other people to raise it for them, so that they are not obliged to work themselves. How does that happen? said Mr. Barlow. *T.* Why, Sir, they pay other people to work for them, or buy bread when it is made, as much as they

want. *Mr. B.* Then they pay for it with money. *T.* Yes, Sir. *Mr. B.* Then they must have money before they can buy corn. *T.* Certainly, Sir. *Mr. B.* But have all gentlemen money? Tommy hesitated some time at this question; at last he said, I believe not always, Sir. *Mr. B.* Why then, if they have not money, they will find it difficult to procure corn, unless they raise it for themselves. Indeed, said Tommy, I believe they will; for perhaps they may not find any body good-natured enough to give it them. But, said Mr. Barlow, as we are talking upon the subject, I will tell you a story, that I read a little time past, if you choose to hear it. Tommy said he should be very glad if Mr. Barlow would take the trouble of telling it to him, and Mr. Barlow told him the following history of

THE TWO BROTHERS.

About the time that many people went over to South America, with the hopes of finding gold and silver, there was a Spaniard, whose name was Pizarro, who had a great inclination to try his fortune like the rest. But as he had an elder brother, for whom he had a very great affection, he went to him, told him his design, and solicited him very much to go along with him, promising him that he should have an equal share of all the riches they found. The brother, whose name was Alonzo, was a man of a contented temper and a good understanding; he did not therefore much approve of the project, and endeavoured to dissuade Pizarro from it, by setting before him the dangers to which he exposed himself, and the uncertainty of his succeeding. But finding all that he said was vain, he agreed to go with him, but told him at the same time, that he wanted no part of the riches which he might find, and would ask no other favour than to have his baggage

and a few servants taken on board the vessel with him. Pizarro then sold all that he had, bought a vessel, and embarked with several other adventurers, who had all great expectations, like himself, of soon becoming rich. As to Alonzo, he took nothing with him but a few ploughs, harrows, and other tools, and some corn, together with a large quantity of potatoes, and some seeds of different vegetables. Pizarro thought this a very odd preparation for the voyage; but as he did not think proper to expostulate with his brother, he said nothing. After sailing some time with prosperous winds, they put into the last port where they were to stop, before they came to the country where they were to search for gold. Here Pizarro bought a great number more of pickaxes, shovels, and various other tools for digging, melting, and refining the gold he expected to find, besides hiring an additional quantity of labourers to assist him in the work. Alonzo, on the contrary, bought only a few sheep and four stout oxen, with their harness, and food enough to subsist them till they should arrive at land. As it happened, they met with a favourable voyage, and all landed in perfect health in America. Alonzo then told his brother, that, as he had only come to accompany and serve him, he would stay near the shore with his servants and cattle, while he went to search for gold, and when he had acquired as much as he desired, should be always ready to embark for Spain with him. Pizarro accordingly set out, not without feeling so great a contempt for his brother, that he could not help expressing it to his companions. I always thought, said he, that my brother had been a man of sense; he bore that character in Spain, but I find people were strangely mistaken in him. Here he is going to divert himself with his sheep and his oxen, as if he was living

quietly upon his farm at home, and had nothing else to do than to raise cucumbers and melons. But we know better what to do with our time; so come along, my lads, and if we have but good luck, we shall soon be enriched for the rest of our lives. All that were present applauded Pizarro's speech, and declared themselves ready to follow him wherever he went; only one old Spaniard shook his head as he went, and told him he doubted whether he would find his brother so great a fool as he thought. They then travelled on several days' march into the country, sometimes obliged to cross rivers, at others to pass mountains and forests where they could find no paths; sometimes scorched by the violent heat of the sun, and then wetted to the skin by violent showers of rain. These difficulties, however, did not discourage them so much as to hinder them from trying in several places for gold, which they were at length lucky enough to find in a considerable quantity. This success animated them very much, and they continued working upon that spot till all their provisions were consumed; they gathered daily large quantities of ore, but then they suffered very much from hunger. Still, however, they persevered in their labours, and sustained themselves with such roots and berries as they could find. At last, even this resource failed them; and, after several of their company had died from want and hardship, the rest were just able to crawl back to the place where they had left Alonzo, carrying with them the gold, to acquire which they had suffered so many miseries.

But while they had been employed in this manner, Alonzo, who foresaw what would happen, had been industriously toiling to a very different purpose. His skill in husbandry had easily enabled him to find a spot of considerable extent and very fertile soil, which he ploughed up with

the oxen he had brought with him, and the assistance of his servants. He then sowed the different seeds he had brought, and planted the potatoes, which prospered beyond what he could have expected, and yielded him a most abundant harvest. His sheep he had turned out in a very fine meadow near the sea, and every one of them had brought him a couple of lambs. Besides that, he and his servants, at leisure times, employed themselves in fishing; and the fish they had caught were all dried and salted, with salt they had found upon the sea-shore; so that by the time of Pizarro's return they had laid up a very considerable quantity of provisions. When Pizarro returned, his brother received him with the greatest cordiality, and asked him what success he had had. Pizarro told him that they had found an immense quantity of gold, but that several of his companions had perished, and that the rest were almost starved from the want of provisions: he then requested his brother would immediately give him something to eat, as he assured him he had tasted no food the last two days, excepting the roots and bark of trees. Alonzo then very coolly answered, that he should remember, that when they set out they had made an agreement, that neither should interfere with the other; that he had never desired to have any share of the gold which Pizarro might acquire, and therefore he wondered that Pizarro should expect to be supplied with the provisions that he had procured with so much care and labour. But, added he, if you choose to exchange some of the gold you have found, for provisions, I shall perhaps be able to accommodate you. Pizarro thought this behaviour very unkind in his brother; but as he and his companions were almost starved, they were obliged to comply with his demands, which were so exorbitant, that in a very short time they parted with all the gold they brought with them,

merely to purchase food. Alonzo then proposed to his brother to embark for Spain in the vessel which had brought them thither, as the winds and weather seemed to be most favourable: but Pizarro, with an angry look, told him, that since he had deprived him of every thing he had gained, and treated him in so unfriendly a manner, he should go without him; for as to himself, he would rather perish upon that desert shore, than embark with so inhuman a brother. But Alonzo, instead of resenting these reproaches, embraced his brother with the greatest tenderness, and spoke to him in the following manner: Could you then believe, my dearest Pizarro, that I really meant to deprive you of the fruits of all your labours, which you have acquired with so much toil and danger? Rather may all the gold in the universe perish, than I should be capable of such behaviour to my dearest brother! But I saw the rash, impetuous desire you had of riches, and wished to correct this fault in you, and serve you at the same time. You despised my prudence and industry, and imagined that nothing could be wanting to him that had once acquired wealth. But you have now learned, that, without that foresight and industry, all the gold you have brought with you would not have prevented you from perishing miserably. You are now, I hope, wiser; and therefore take back your riches, which I hope you have now learned to make a proper use of. Pizarro was equally filled with gratitude and astonishment at this generosity of his brother, and he acknowledged from experience that industry was better than gold. They then embarked for Spain, where they all safely arrived: during the voyage Pizarro often solicited his brother to accept of half his riches, which Alonzo constantly refused, telling him that he could raise food enough to maintain himself, and was in no want of gold.

Indeed, said Tommy, when Mr. Barlow had finished the story, I think Alonzo was a very sensible man; and if it had not been for him, his brother and all his companions must have been starved: but then this was only because they were in a desert uninhabited country. This could never have happened in England; there they could always have had as much corn or bread as they chose for their money. But, said Mr. Barlow, is a man sure to be always in England, or some country where he can purchase bread? *T.* I believe so, Sir. *Mr. B.* Why, are there not countries in the world where there are no inhabitants, and where no corn is raised? *T.* Certainly, Sir; this country which the two brothers went to was such a place. *Mr. B.* And there are many other such countries in the world. *T.* But then a man need not go to them; he may stay at home. *Mr. B.* Then he must not pass the seas in a ship. *T.* Why so, Sir? *Mr. B.* Because the ship may happen to be wrecked upon some such country where there are no inhabitants; and then, although he should escape the danger of the sea, what will he do for food? *T.* And have such accidents sometimes happened? *Mr. B.* Yes, several: there was, in particular, one Selkirk, who was shipwrecked, and obliged to live several years upon a desert island. *T.* That was very extraordinary indeed; and how did he get victuals? *Mr. B.* He sometimes procured roots, sometimes fruits: he also at last became so active, that he was able to pursue and catch wild goats, with which the island abounded. *T.* And did not such an hard, disagreeable way of life kill him at last? *Mr. B.* By no means. He never enjoyed better health in his life: and you have heard that he became so active as to be able to overtake the very wild beasts.

Here little Harry came in from his father's house, and brought with him the chicken, which, it has been mentioned, he had saved from the claws of the kite. The little animal was now perfectly recovered of the hurt it had received, and showed so great a degree of affection to its protector, that it would run after him like a dog, hop upon his shoulder, nestle in his bosom, and eat crumbs out of his hand. Tommy was extremely surprised and pleased to remark its tameness and docility, and asked by what means it had been made so gentle. Harry told him, he had taken no particular pains about it; but that, as the poor little creature had been sadly hurt, he had fed it every day till it was well; and that, in consequence of that kindness, it had conceived a great degree of affection towards him. Indeed, said Tommy, that is very surprising: for I thought all birds had flown away whenever a man came near them; and that even the fowls which are kept at home would never let you touch them. *Mr. B.* And what do you imagine is the reason of that? *T.* Because they are wild. *Mr. B.* And what is a fowl's being wild? *T.* When he will not let you come near him. *Mr. B.* Then a fowl is wild because he will not let you come near him; and will not let you come near him because he is wild. This is saying nothing more than that when a fowl is wild, he will not let you approach him. But I want to know what is the reason of his being wild. *T.* Indeed, Sir, I cannot tell, unless it is because they are naturally so. *Mr. B.* But if they were naturally so, this fowl could not be fond of Harry. *T.* That is because he is so good to it. *Mr. B.* Very likely. —Then it is not natural for an animal to run away from a person that is good to him. *T.* No, Sir, I believe not.

Mr. B. But when a person is not good to him, or endeavours to hurt him, it is natural for an animal to run away from him, is it not? *T.* Yes. *Mr. B.* And then you say that he is wild, do you not? *T.* Yes, Sir. *Mr. B.* Why then it is probable that animals are only wild because they are afraid of being hurt, and that they only run away from the fear of danger. I believe you would do the same from a lion or a tiger. *T.* Indeed I would, Sir. *Mr. B.* And yet you do not call yourself a wild animal. Tommy laughed heartily at this, and said, No. Therefore, said Mr. Barlow, if you want to tame animals, you must be good to them, and treat them kindly, and then they will no longer fear you, but come to you and love you. Indeed, said Harry, that is very true; for I knew a little boy that took a great fancy to a snake that lived in his father's garden; and when he had milk for breakfast, he used to sit under a nut-tree and whistle, and the snake would come to him, and eat out of his bowl. *T.* And did it not bite him? *H.* No; he sometimes gave it a pat with his spoon, if it ate too fast, but it never hurt him.

Tommy was much pleased with this conversation; and being both good-natured and desirous of making experiments, he determined to try his skill in taming animals. Accordingly, he took a large slice of bread in his hand, and went out to seek some animal that he might give it to. The first thing that he happened to meet was a sucking pig that had rambled from its mother, and was basking in the sun. Tommy would not neglect the opportunity of showing his talents; he therefore called Pig, pig, pig, come hither, little pig! But the pig, who did not exactly comprehend his intentions, only grunted and ran away. You little ungrateful thing, said Tommy, do you treat me in this manner, when I want to feed you? If you do not

know your friends, I must teach you. Saying this, he sprang at the pig, and caught him by the hind leg, intending to have given him the bread which he had in his hand; but the pig, who was not used to be treated in that manner, began struggling and squeaking to that degree, that the sow, which was within hearing, came running to the place, with all the rest of the litter at her heels. As Tommy did not know whether she would be pleased with his civilities to her young one, or not, he thought it most prudent to let it go; and the pig, endeavouring to escape as speedily as possible, unfortunately ran between his legs, and threw him down. The place where this accident happened was extremely wet; therefore Tommy, in falling, dirtied himself from head to foot, and the sow, who came up at that instant, passed over him as he attempted to rise, and rolled him back again into the mire. Tommy, who was not the coolest in his temper, was extremely provoked at this ungrateful return for his intended kindness, and losing all patience, he seized the sow by the hind leg, and began pommelling her with all his might, as she attempted to escape. The sow, as may be imagined, did not relish such treatment, but endeavoured with all her force to escape: but Tommy keeping his hold, and continuing his discipline, she struggled with such violence as to drag him several yards, squeaking in the most lamentable manner all the time, in which she was joined by the whole litter of pigs. During the heat of this contest, a large flock of geese happened to be crossing the road, into the midst of which the affrighted sow ran headlong, dragging the enraged Tommy at her heels. The goslings retreated with the greatest precipitation, joining their mournful cackling to the general noise; but a gander of more than common size and courage, resenting the unprovoked attack

which had been made upon his family, flew at Tommy's hinder parts, and gave him several severe strokes with his bill. Tommy, whose courage had hitherto been unconquerable, being thus unexpectedly attacked by a new enemy, was obliged to yield to fortune, and not knowing the precise extent of his danger, he not only suffered the sow to escape, but joined his vociferations to the general scream. This alarmed Mr. Barlow, who, coming up to the place, found his pupil in the most woeful plight, daubed from head to foot, with his face and hands as black as those of any chimney-sweeper. He inquired what was the matter; and Tommy, as soon as he had recovered breath enough to speak, answered in this manner:—Sir, all this is owing to what you told me about taming animals. I wanted to make them tame and gentle, and to love me, and you see the consequences. Indeed, said Mr. Barlow, I see you have been very ill treated, but I hope you are not hurt; and if it is owing to any thing I have said, I shall feel the more concern. No, said Tommy, I cannot say I am much hurt. Why then, said Mr. Barlow, you had better go wash yourself; and when you are clean we will talk over the affair. When Tommy had returned, Mr. Barlow asked him how the accident had happened; and when he had heard the story, he said, I am very sorry for your misfortune, but I do not perceive that I was the cause of it: for I do not remember that I ever advised you to catch pigs by the hinder legs. *T.* No, Sir; but you told me that feeding animals was the way to make them love me, and so I wanted to feed the pig. *Mr. B.* But it was not my fault that you attempted it in a wrong manner. The animal did not know your intentions, and therefore, when you seized him in so violent a manner, he naturally attempted to escape; and his mother, hearing his cries, very

naturally came to his assistance. All that happened was owing to your inexperience. Before you meddle with any animal, you should make yourself acquainted with his nature and disposition; otherwise, you may fare like the little boy, that, in attempting to catch flies, was stung by a wasp; or like another, that, seeing an adder sleeping upon a bank, took it for an eel, and was bitten by it, which had nearly cost him his life. *T.* But, Sir, I thought Harry had mentioned a little boy that used to feed a snake without receiving any hurt from it. *Mr. B.* That might very well happen; there is scarcely any creature that will do hurt without it is attacked or wants food, and some of these reptiles are entirely harmless, others not: therefore the best way is not to meddle with any thing till you are perfectly acquainted with its nature. Had you observed this rule, you would never have attempted to catch the pig by the hinder leg, in order to tame it; and it is very lucky that you did not make the experiment upon a larger animal, otherwise you might have been as badly treated as the tailor was by the elephant. *T.* Pray, Sir, what is this curious story? But first tell me, if you please, what an elephant is.

An elephant, said Mr. Barlow, is the largest land animal that we are acquainted with. It is many times thicker than an ox, and grows to the height of eleven or twelve feet. Its strength, as may be easily imagined, is prodigious; but it is, at the same time, so very gentle, that it rarely does hurt to any thing, even in the woods where it resides. It does not eat flesh, but lives upon the fruits and branches of trees. But what is most singular about its make is, that, instead of a nose, it has a long, hollow piece of flesh, which grows over its mouth to the length of three or four feet. This is called the trunk of the elephant, and

he is capable of bending it in every direction. When he wants to break off the branch of a tree, he twists this trunk round it, and snaps it off directly. When he wants to drink, he lets it down into the water, sucks up several gallons at a time, and then doubling the end of it back, discharges it all into his mouth. But if he is so large, said Tommy, and strong, I should suppose it must be impossible ever to tame him. So perhaps it would, replied Mr. Barlow, did they not instruct those that have been already tamed to assist in catching others. *T.* How is that, Sir? *Mr. B.* When they have discovered a forest where these animals resort, they make a large inclosure with strong pales and a deep ditch, leaving only one entrance to it, which has a strong gate left purposely open. They then let one or two of their tame elephants loose, who join the wild ones, and gradually entice them into the inclosure. As soon as one of these has entered, a man who stands ready, shuts the gate, and takes him prisoner. The animal, finding himself thus entrapped, begins to grow furious and attempts to escape: but immediately two tame ones, of the largest size and greatest strength, who had been placed there on purpose, come up to him one on each side, and beat him with their trunks till he becomes more quiet. A man then comes behind, ties a very large cord to each of his hind legs, and fastens the other end of it to two great trees. He is then left without food for some hours, and in that time generally becomes so docile, as to suffer himself to be conducted to the stable that is prepared for him, where he lives the rest of his life like a horse, or any other domestic animal. *T.* And pray, Sir, what did the elephant do to the tailor? *Mr. B.* There was at Surat, a city where many of these tame elephants are kept, a tailor, that used to sit and work in his shed, close to the place to

which these elephants were led every day to drink. This man contracted a kind of acquaintance with one of the largest of these beasts, and used to present him fruits and other vegetables, whenever the elephant passed by his door. The elephant was accustomed to put his long trunk in at the window, and to receive in that manner whatever his friend chose to give. But one day, the tailor happened to be in a more than ordinary ill humour, and, not considering how dangerous it might be to provoke an animal of that size and strength, when the elephant put his trunk in at the window, as usual, instead of giving him any thing to eat, he pricked him with his needle. The elephant instantly withdrew his trunk, and without showing any marks of resentment, went on with the rest to drink; but after he had quenched his thirst, he collected a large quantity of the dirtiest water he could find, in his trunk, which, I have already told you, is capable of holding many gallons, and when he passed by the tailor's shop in his return, he discharged it full in his face, with so true an aim, that he wetted him all over, and almost drowned him; thus justly punishing the man for his ill-nature and breach of friendship.

The next day Tommy and Harry went into the garden to sow the wheat which Harry had brought with him, upon a bed which Tommy had dug for that purpose. While they were at work, Tommy said, Pray, Harry, did you ever hear the story of the men that were obliged to live six years upon that terrible cold country, I forget the name of it, where there was nothing but snow and ice, and scarcely any other animals but great bears that are ready to eat men up? *H.* Yes, I have. *T.* And did not the very thoughts of it frighten you dreadfully? *H.* No, I cannot say they did. *T.* Why, should you like to live in

such a country? *H.* No, certainly; I am very happy that I was born in such a country as this, where the weather is scarcely ever too hot or too cold: but a man must bear patiently whatever is his lot in this world. *T.* That is true—but should you not cry, and be very much afflicted, if you were left upon such a country? *H.* I should certainly be very sorry, if I was left there alone, more especially as I am not big enough, or strong enough, to defend myself against such fierce animals. But the crying would do me no good—it would be better to do something, and endeavour to help myself. *T.* Indeed I think it would; but what could you do? *H.* Why, I would endeavour to build myself a house, if I could find any materials. *T.* And what materials is a house made of? I thought it had been impossible to make a house without having a great many people of different trades, such as carpenters and bricklayers. *H.* You know there are houses of different sizes. The houses that the poor people live in, are very different from your father's house. *T.* Yes, they are little, nasty, dirty, disagreeable places; I should not like to live in them at all. *H.* And yet the poor are in general as strong and healthy as the rich. But if you could have no other, you would rather live in one of them than be exposed to the weather. *T.* Yes, certainly. And how would you make one of them? *H.* If I could get any wood, and had a hatchet, I would cut down some branches of trees, and stick them upright in the ground, near to each other. *T.* And what then? *H.* I would then get some other branches, but more full of small wood, and these I would interweave between them, just as we make hurdles to confine the sheep: and then, as that might not be warm enough to resist the wind and cold, I would cover them over, both within and without, with clay. *T.* Clay, what is that? *H.* It is a parti-

cular kind of earth that sticks to your feet when you tread upon it, or to your hands when you touch it. *T.* I declare I did not think it had been so easy to make a house. And do you think that people could really live in such houses? *H.* Certainly they might, because many persons live in such houses here, and I have been told that in many parts of the world they have not any other. Really, said Tommy, I should like to try to make a house; do you think, Harry, that you and I could make one? Yes, said Harry, if I had wood and clay enough, I think I could, and a small hatchet to sharpen the stakes, and make them enter the ground.—Mr. Barlow then came to call them in to read, and told Tommy, that as he had been talking so much about good-nature to animals, he had looked him out a very pretty story upon the subject, and begged that he would read it well. That I will, said Tommy; for I begin to like reading extremely: and I think that I am happier too since I learned it; for now I can always divert myself. Indeed, answered Mr. Barlow, most people find it so. When any one can read, he will not find the knowledge any burthen to him; and it is his own fault, if he is not constantly amused. This is an advantage, Tommy, which a gentleman, since you are so fond of the word, may more particularly enjoy, because he has so much time at his own disposal. And it is much better that he should distinguish himself by having more knowledge and improvement than others, than by fine clothes, or any such trifles, which any one may have that can purchase them, as well as himself. Tommy then read, with a clear and distinct voice, the following story of

THE GOOD-NATURED LITTLE BOY.

A LITTLE boy went out, one morning, to walk to a village about five miles from the place where he lived, and carried with him, in a basket, the provision that was to serve him the whole day. As he was walking along, a poor little half-starved dog came up to him, wagging his tail, and seeming to entreat him to have compassion on him. The little boy at first took no notice of him; but at length, remarking how lean and famished the creature seemed to be, he said, This animal is certainly in very great necessity: if I give him part of my provision, I shall be obliged to go home hungry myself; however, as he seems to want it more than I do, he shall partake with me. Saying this, he gave the dog part of what he had in his basket, who ate as if he had not tasted victuals for a fortnight. The little boy went on a little further, his dog still following him, and fawning upon him with the greatest gratitude and affection, when he saw a poor old horse lying upon the ground, and groaning as if he was very ill: he went up to him, and saw that he was almost starved, and so weak that he was unable to rise. I am very much afraid, said the little boy, if I stay to assist this horse, that it will be dark before I can return; and I have heard there are several thieves in the neighbourhood: however, I will try, it is doing a good action to attempt to relieve him, and God Almighty will take care of me. He then went and gathered some grass, which he brought to the horse's mouth, who immediately began to eat with as much relish as if his chief disease was hunger. He then fetched some water in his hat, which the animal drank up, and seemed immediately to be so much refreshed, that, after a few trials, he got up, and began grazing. He then went on a little farther, and

saw a man wading about in a pond of water, without being able to get out of it, in spite of all his endeavours. What is the matter, good man, said the little boy to him; can't you find your way out of this pond? No, God bless you, my worthy master or miss, said the man, for such I take you to be by your voice: I have fallen into this pond, and and know not how to get out again, as I am quite blind, and I am almost afraid to move for fear of being drowned. Well, said the little boy, though I should be wetted to the skin, if you will throw me your stick, I will try to help you out of it. The blind man then threw the stick to that side on which he heard the voice; the little boy caught it, and went into the water, feeling very carefully before him, lest he should unguardedly go beyond his depth: at length he reached the blind man, took him very carefully by the hand, and led him out. The blind man then gave him a thousand blessings, and told him he could grope out his way home, and the little boy ran on as hard as he could to prevent being benighted. But he had not proceeded far, before he saw a poor sailor, that had lost both his legs in an engagement by sea, hopping along upon crutches. God bless you, my little master, said the sailor; I have fought many a battle with the French to defend poor Old England, but now I am crippled, as you see, and have neither victuals nor money, although I am almost famished. The little boy could not resist his inclination to relieve him, so he gave him all his remaining victuals, and said, God help you, poor man, this is all I have, otherwise you should have more. He then ran along, and presently arrived at the town he was going to, did his business, and returned towards his own home, with all the expedition he was able. But he had not gone much more than half way, before the night shut in extremely dark, with-

out either moon or stars to light him. The poor little boy did all that he was able to find his way, but unfortunately missed it in turning down a lane which brought him into a wood, where he wandered about a great while without being able to find any path to lead him out. Tired out at last, and hungry, he felt himself so feeble, that he could go no further, but sat himself down upon the ground, crying most bitterly. In this situation he remained for some time, till at last the little dog, who had never forsaken him, came up to him, wagging his tail, and holding something in his mouth. The little boy took it from him, and saw it was an handkerchief nicely pinned together, which somebody had dropped, and the dog had picked up; and upon opening it, he found several slices of bread and meat, which the little boy ate with great satisfaction, and felt himself extremely refreshed with his meal. So, said the little boy, I see that if I have given you a breakfast, you have given me a supper, and a good turn is never lost, done even to a dog. He then once more attempted to escape from the wood, but it was to no purpose; he only scratched his legs with briars, and slipped down in the dirt, without being able to find his way out. He was just going to give up all further attempts in despair, when he happened to see a horse feeding before him; and going up to him, saw, by the light of the moon, which just then began to shine a little, that it was the very same he had fed in the morning. Perhaps, said the little boy, this creature, as I have been so good to him, will let me get upon his back, and he may bring me out of the wood, as he is accustomed to feed in this neighbourhood. The little boy then went up to the horse, speaking to him and stroking him, and the horse let him mount his back without opposition; and then proceeded slowly through the wood, grazing as he went, till he

brought him to an opening which led to the high road. The little boy was much rejoiced at this, and said, if I had not saved this creature's life in the morning, I should have been obliged to have staid here all night; I see by this, that a good turn is never lost. But the poor little boy had yet a greater danger to undergo; for as he was going along a solitary lane, two men rushed out upon him, laid hold of him, and were going to strip him of his clothes; but just as they were beginning to do it, the little dog bit the leg of one of the men with so much violence, that he left the little boy, and pursued the dog, that ran howling and barking away. In this instant a voice was heard that cried out, There the rascals are, let us knock them down! which frightened the remaining man so much, that he ran away, and his companion followed him. The little boy then looked up, and saw that it was the sailor, whom he had relieved in the morning, carried upon the shoulders of the blind man whom he had helped out of the pond. There, my little dear, said the sailor, God be thanked! we have come in time to do you a service, in return for what you did us in the morning. As I lay under a hedge, I heard these villains talk of robbing a little boy, that, from the description, I concluded must be you; but I was so lame, that I should not have been able to come time enough to help you, if I had not met this honest blind man, who took me upon his back while I showed him the way. The little boy thanked them very gratefully for thus defending him; and they went all together to his father's house, which was not far off, where they were all kindly entertained with a supper and a bed. The little boy took care of his faithful dog as long as he lived, and never forgot the importance and necessity of doing good to others, if we wish them to do the same to us.

Upon my word, said Tommy, when he had finished, I am vastly pleased with this story; and I think that it may very likely be true, for I have observed, myself, that every thing seems to love little Harry here, merely because he is good-natured to it. I was quite surprised to see the great dog, the other day, which I have never dared to touch for fear of being bitten, fawning upon him, and licking him all over: it put me in mind of the story of Androcles and the Lion. That dog, said Mr. Barlow, will be equally fond of you, if you are kind to him; for nothing equals the sagacity and gratitude of a dog. But since you have read a story about a good-natured boy, Harry shall read you another concerning a boy of a contrary disposition. Harry then read the following story of

THE ILL-NATURED BOY.

There was once a little boy who was so unfortunate as to have a very bad man for his father, who was always surly and ill-tempered, and never gave his children either good instructions or good example: in consequence of which, this little boy, who might otherwise have been happier and better, became ill-natured, quarrelsome, and disagreeable to every body. He very often was severely beaten by boys that were bigger than himself for his impertinence, and sometimes by boys that were less; for, though he was very abusive and quarrelsome, he did not much like fighting, and generally trusted more to his heels than to his courage, when he had engaged himself in a quarrel. This little boy had a cur dog that was the exact image of himself; he was the most troublesome, surly creature imaginable, always barking at the heels of every horse he came near, and worrying every sheep he could meet with; for which reason both

the dog and the boy were disliked by all the neighbourhood.

One morning his father got up early to go to the alehouse, where he intended to stay till night, as it was a holiday; but before he went out, he gave his son some bread and cold meat, and sixpence, and told him that he might go and divert himself as he would the whole day. The little boy was very much pleased with this liberty; and as it was a very fine morning, he called his dog Tiger to follow him, and began his walk. He had not proceeded far before he met a little boy, that was driving a flock of sheep towards a gate that he wanted them to enter. Pray, master, said the little boy, stand still and keep your dog close to you, for fear you frighten my sheep. Oh! yes, to be sure, answered the ill-natured little boy; I am to wait here all the morning till you and your sheep have passed, I suppose! Here, Tiger, seize them, boy!—Tiger at this sprang forth into the middle of the flock, barking and biting on every side, and the sheep, in a general consternation, hurried each a separate way. Tiger seemed to enjoy this sport equally with his master, but in the midst of his triumph, he happened unguardedly to attack an old ram that had more courage than the rest of the flock: he, instead of running away, faced about, and aimed a blow with his forehead at his enemy, with so much force and dexterity, that he knocked Tiger over and over, and butting him several times while he was down, obliged him to limp howling away. The ill-natured little boy, who was not capable of loving any thing, had been very much diverted with the trepidation of the sheep, but now he laughed heartily at the misfortune of his dog; and he would have laughed much longer, had not the other little boy, provoked beyond his patience at this treatment, thrown a stone at him

which hit him full upon the temples, and almost knocked him down. He immediately began to cry, in concert with his dog, and perceiving a man coming towards them, whom he fancied might be the owner of the sheep, he thought it most prudent to escape as speedily possible. But he had scarcely recovered from the smart which the blow had occasioned, before his former mischievous disposition returned, which he determined to gratify to the utmost. He had not gone far, before he saw a little girl standing by a stile with a large pot of milk at her feet. Pray, said the little girl, help me up with this pot of milk: my mother sent me out to fetch it this morning, and I have brought it above a mile upon my head! but I am so tired that I have been obliged to stop at this stile to rest me; and if I don't return home presently, we shall have no pudding to-day, and, besides, my mother will be very angry with me. What, said the boy, you are to have a pudding to-day, are you, Miss? Yes, said the girl, and a fine piece of roast beef, for there's uncle Will, and uncle John, and grandfather, and all my cousins, to dine with us; and we shall be very merry in the evening, I can assure you: so pray help me up, as speedily as possible. That I will, Miss, said the boy, and taking up the jug, he pretended to fix it upon her head; but just as she had hold of it, he gave it a little push, as if he had stumbled, and overturned it upon her. The little girl began to cry violently, but the mischievous boy ran away laughing heartily, and saying, Good bye, little Miss; give my humble service to uncle Will, and grandfather, and the dear little cousins.—This prank encouraged him very much; for he thought that now he had certainly escaped without any bad consequences: so he went on, applauding his own ingenuity, and came to a green, where several little boys were at play.

He desired leave to play with them, which they allowed him to do. But he could not be contented long, without exerting his evil disposition; so taking an opportunity when it was his turn to fling the ball, instead of flinging it the way he ought to have done, he threw it into a deep muddy ditch: the little boys ran in a great hurry to see what was become of it, and as they were standing all together upon the brink, he gave the outermost boy a violent push against his neighbour; he, not being able to resist the violence, tumbled against the next, that next against another, by which means they all soused into the ditch together. They soon scrambled out, although in a dirty plight, and were going to have punished him for his ill-behaviour; but he patted Tiger upon the back, who began snarling and growling in such a manner as made them desist. Thus this little mischievous boy escaped a second time with impunity.

The next thing that he met with was a poor jack-ass feeding very quietly in a ditch. The little boy, seeing that nobody was within sight, thought this was an opportunity of plaguing an animal, that was not to be lost; so he went and cut a large bunch of thorns, which he contrived to fix to the poor beast's tail, and then setting Tiger at him, he was extremely diverted to see the fright and agony the creature was in. But it did not fare so well with Tiger, who, while he was baying and biting the animal's heels, received so severe a kick upon his head, as laid him dead upon the spot. The boy, who had no affection for his dog, left him with the greatest unconcern, when he saw what had happened, and, finding himself hungry, sat down by the way side to eat his dinner. He had not been long there, before a poor blind man came groping his way out with a couple of sticks. Good morning to you, gaffer, said

the boy; pray did you see a little girl come this road, with a basket of eggs upon her head, dressed in a green gown, with a straw hat upon her head? God bless you, master, said the beggar, I am so blind that I can see nothing either in heaven above, or on the earth below: I have been blind these twenty years, and they call me poor, old, blind, Richard. Though this poor man was such an object of charity and compassion, yet the little boy determined, as usual, to play him some trick; and as he was a great liar and deceiver, he spoke to him thus: "Poor, old Richard! I am heartily sorry for you with all my heart: I am just eating my breakfast, and if you will sit down by me I will give you part, and feed you myself. Thank you with all my heart, said the poor man, and if you will give me your hand, I will sit by you with great pleasure, my dear, good little master! The little boy then gave him his hand, and, pretending to direct him, guided him to sit down in a large heap of wet dung that lay by the road side. There, said he, now you are nicely seated, and I will feed you; so taking a little in his fingers, he was going to put it into the blind man's mouth. But the man, who now perceived the trick that had been played him, made a sudden snap at his fingers, and getting them between his teeth, bit them so sèverely, that the wicked boy roared out for mercy, and promised never more to be guilty of such wickedness. At last, the blind man, after he had put him to very severe pain, consented to let him go, saying as he went, Are you not ashamed, you little scoundrel, to attempt to do hurt to those who have never injured you, and to want to add to the sufferings of those who are already sufficiently miserable? Although you escape now, be assured, that, if you do not repent and mend your manners, you will meet with a severe punishment for your bad behaviour.

One would think, that this punishment should have cured him entirely of this mischievous disposition, but, unfortunately, nothing is so difficult to overcome as bad habits that have been long indulged. He had not gone far before he saw a lame beggar, that just made a shift to support himself by the means of a couple of sticks. The beggar asked him to give him something, and the little mischievous boy, pulling out his sixpence, threw it down just before him, as if he intended to make him a present of it; but while the poor man was stooping with difficulty to pick it up, this wicked little boy knocked the stick away, by which means the beggar fell down upon his face, and then snatching up the sixpence, he ran away laughing very heartily at the accident.

This was the last trick this little ungracious boy had it in his power to play; for seeing two men come up to the beggar, and enter into discourse with him, he was afraid of being pursued, and therefore ran as fast as he was able over several fields. At last he came into a lane which led to a farmer's orchard, and as he was preparing to clamber over the fence, a large dog seized him by the leg, and held him fast. He cried out in an agony of terror, which brought the farmer out, who called the dog off, but seized him very roughly, saying, So! Sir, you are caught at last, are you? You thought you might come day after day and steal my apples, without detection; but it seems, you are mistaken, and now you shall receive the punishment you have so long deserved. The farmer then began to chastise him very severely with a whip he had in his hand, and the boy in vain protested he was innocent, and begged for mercy. At last the farmer asked him who he was, and where he lived, but when he had heard his name, he cried out, What, are you the little rascal that frightened

my sheep this morning, by which means several of them are lost? and do you think to escape?—Saying this, he lashed him more severely than before, in spite of all his cries and protestations. At length, thinking he had punished him enough, he turned him out of the orchard, bade him go home, and frighten sheep again if he liked the consequences. The little boy slunk away, crying very bitterly, for he had been very severely beaten, and now began to find that no one can long hurt others with impunity: so he determined to go quietly home, and behave better for the future. But his sufferings were not yet at an end; for as he jumped down from a stile, he felt himself very roughly seized, and, looking up, found that he was in the power of the lame beggar whom he had thrown upon his face. It was in vain that he now cried, entreated, and begged pardon: the man, who had been much hurt by his fall, thrashed him very severely with his stick, before he would part with him. He now again went on, crying and roaring with pain, but at least expected to escape without further damage. But here he was mistaken; for as he was walking slowly through a lane, just as he turned a corner, he found himself in the middle of the very troop of boys that he had used so ill in the morning. They all set up a shout as soon as they saw their enemy in their power without his dog, and began persecuting him in a thousand various ways. Some pulled him by the hair, others pinched him; some whipped his legs with their handkerchiefs, while others covered him with handfuls of dirt. In vain did he attempt to escape, they were still at his heels, and, surrounding him on every side, continued their persecutions. At length, while he was in this disagreeable situation, he happened to come up to the same jack-ass he had seen in the morning, and making a

sudden spring, jumped upon his back, hoping by these means to escape. The boys immediately renewed their shouts, and the ass, who was frightened at the noise, began gallopping with all his might, and presently bore him from the reach of his enemies. But he had little reason to rejoice at this escape; for he found it impossible to stop the animal, and was every instant afraid of being thrown off, and dashed upon the ground. After he had been thus hurried along a considerable time, the ass on a sudden stopped short at the door of a cottage, and began kicking and prancing with so much fury, that the little boy was presently thrown to the ground, and broke his leg in the fall. His cries immediately brought the family out, among whom was the very little girl he had used so ill in the morning. But she, with the greatest good-nature, seeing him in such a pitiable situation, assisted in bringing him in, and laying him upon the bed. There this unfortunate boy had leisure to recollect himself, and reflect upon his own bad behaviour, which in one day's time had exposed him to such a variety of misfortunes; and he determined with great sincerity, that, if ever he recovered from his present accident, he would be as careful to take every opportunity of doing good, as he had before been to commit every species of mischief.

When the story was ended, Tommy said it was very surprising to see how differently the two little boys fared. The one little boy was good-natured, and therefore every thing he met became his friend, and assisted him in return: the other, who was ill-natured, made every thing his enemy, and therefore he met with nothing but misfortunes and vexations, and nobody seemed to feel any compassion for him, excepting the poor little girl that as-

sisted him at last, which was very kind indeed of her, considering how ill she had been used. That is very true, indeed, said Mr. Barlow: nobody is loved in this world, unless he loves others and does good to them; and nobody can tell but that one time or other he may want the assistance of the meanest and lowest. Therefore every sensible man will behave well to every thing around him; he will behave well, because it is his duty to do it, because every benevolent person feels the greatest pleasure in doing good, and even because it is his own interest to make as many friends as possible. No one can tell, however secure his present situation may appear, how soon it may alter, and he may have occasion for the compassion of those who are now infinitely below him. I could shew you a story to that purpose, but you have read enough, and therefore you must now go out and use some exercise. Oh! pray, Sir, said Tommy, do let me hear the story. I think I could now read for ever, without being tired. No, said Mr. Barlow; every thing has its turn. To-morrow you shall read, but now we must work in the garden. Then pray, Sir, said Tommy, may I ask a favour of you? Surely, answered Mr. Barlow: if it is proper for you to have, there is nothing can give me a greater pleasure than to grant it. Why then, said Tommy, I have been thinking that a man should know how to do every thing in this world. *Mr. B.* Very right: the more knowledge he acquires the better. *T.* And therefore Harry and I are going to build a house. *Mr. B.* To build a house!—Well, and have you laid in a sufficient quantity of bricks and mortar? No, no, said Tommy smiling, Harry and I can build houses without brick and mortar. *Mr. B.* What are they to be made of then, cards? Dear Sir, answered Tommy, do you think we are such little children as to

want card-houses? No, we are going to build real houses, fit for people to live in. And then you know, if ever we should be thrown upon a desert coast, as the poor men were, we shall be able to supply ourselves with necessaries, till some ship comes to take us away. *Mr. B.* And if no ship should come, what then? *T.* Why then we must stay there all our lives, I am afraid. *Mr. B.* If you wish to prepare yourself against that event, I think you are much in the right, for nobody knows what may happen to him in this world. What is it then you want, to make your house? *T.* The first thing we want, Sir, is wood, and a hatchet. *Mr. B.* Wood you shall have in plenty;—but did you ever use a hatchet? *T.* No, Sir. *Mr. B.* Then I am afraid to let you have one, because it is a very dangerous kind of tool; and if you are not expert in the use of it, you may wound yourself severely. But if you will let me know what you want, I, who am more strong and expert, will take the hatchet and cut down the wood for you. Thank you, Sir, said Tommy; you are very good to me indeed.—And away Harry and he ran to the copse at the bottom of the garden. Mr. Barlow went to work, and presently, by Harry's direction, cut down several poles about as thick as a man's wrist, and about eight feet long: these he sharpened at the end, in order to run into the ground; and so eager were the two little boys at the business, that in a very short time they had transported them all to the bottom of the garden, and Tommy entirely forgot he was a gentleman, and worked with the greatest eagerness. Now, said Mr. Barlow, where will you fix your house? Here, answered Tommy, I think, just at the bottom of this hill, because it will be warm and sheltered. So Harry took the stakes, and began to thrust them into the ground at about the

distance of a foot; and in this manner he inclosed a bit of ground, which was about ten feet long and eight feet wide, leaving an opening in the middle, of three feet wide, for a door. After this was done, they gathered up the brush-wood that was cut off, and by Harry's direction they interwove it between the poles, in such a manner as to form a compact kind of fence. This labour, as may be imagined, took them up several days: however, they worked at it very hard every day, and every day the work advanced, which filled Tommy's heart with so much pleasure, that he thought himself the happiest little boy in the universe.

But this employment did not make Tommy unmindful of the story which Mr. Barlow had promised him; it was to this purpose:

THE STORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK.

It is too much to be lamented that different nations frequently make bloody wars with each other; and when they take any of their enemies prisoners, instead of using them well, and restoring them to liberty, they confine them in prisons, or sell them as slaves. The enmity that there has often been between many of the Italian states, particularly the Venetians and the Turks, is sufficiently known. It once happened that a Venetian ship had taken many of the Turks prisoners, and, according to the barbarous customs I have mentioned, these unhappy men had been sold to different persons in the city. By accident one of the slaves lived opposite to the house of a rich Venetian, who had an only son, of about the age of twelve years. It happened that this little boy used frequently to stop as he passed near Hamet, for that was the name of the slave, and gaze at him very attentively. Hamet, who

remarked in the face of the child the appearance of good-nature and compassion, used always to salute him with the greatest courtesy, and testified the greatest pleasure in his company. At length the little boy took such a fancy to the slave, that he used to visit him several times in the day, and brought him such little presents as he had it in his power to make, and which he thought would be of use to his friend. But though Hamet seemed always to take the greatest delight in the innocent caresses of his little friend, yet the child could not help remarking that Hamet was frequently extremely sorrowful, and he often surprised him on a sudden, when tears were trickling down his face, although he did his utmost to conceal them. The little boy was at length so much affected with the repetition of this sight, that he spoke of it to his father, and begged him, if he had it in his power, to make poor Hamet happy. The father, who was extremely fond of his son, and besides had observed that he seldom requested any thing which was not generous and humane, determined to see the Turk himself, and talk to him. Accordingly he went to him the next day, and observing him for some time in silence, was struck with the extraordinary appearance of mildness and honesty which his countenance discovered. At length he said to him, Are you that Hamet of whom my son is so fond, and of whose gentleness and courtesy I have so often heard him talk? Yes, said the Turk, I am that unfortunate Hamet, who have now been for three years a captive: during that space of time, your son, if you are his father, is the only human being that seems to have felt any compassion for my sufferings; therefore, I must confess, he is the only object to which I am attached in this barbarous country; and night and morning I pray that Power, who is equally the

God of Turks and Christians, to grant him every blessing he deserves, and to preserve him from all the miseries I suffer. Indeed, Hamet, said the merchant, he is much obliged to you, although, from his present circumstances, he does not appear much exposed to danger. But tell me, for I wish to do you good, in what can I assist you? for my son informs me that you are the prey of continual regret and sorrow. Is it wonderful, answered the Turk, with a glow of generous indignation that suddenly animated his countenance, is it wonderful that I should pine in silence, and mourn my fate, who am bereft of the first and noblest present of nature, my liberty? And yet, answered the Venetian, how many thousands of our nation do you retain in fetters? I am not answerable, said the Turk, for the cruelty of my countrymen, more than you are for the barbarity of yours. But as to myself, I have never practised the inhuman custom of enslaving my fellow-creatures; I have never spoiled Venetian merchants of their property, to increase my riches; I have always respected the rights of nature, and therefore it is the more severe.——Here a tear started from his eye, and wetted his manly cheek: instantly, however, he recollected himself, and folding his arms upon his bosom, and gently bowing his head, he added, God is good, and man must submit to his decrees. The Venetian was affected with this appearance of manly fortitude, and said, Hamet, I pity your sufferings, and may perhaps be able to relieve them. What would you do to regain your liberty? What would I do! answered Hamet; by the eternal majesty of Heaven, I would confront every pain and danger that can appal the heart of man. Nay, answered the merchant, you will not be exposed to such a trial. The means of your deliverance are certain, provided your courage does

not belie your appearance. Name them! name them! cried the impatient Hamet; place death before me in every horrid shape, and if I shrink—Patience, answered the merchant, we shall be observed. But hear me attentively—I have in this city an inveterate foe, that has heaped upon me every injury which can most bitterly sting the heart of man. This man is brave as he is haughty, and I must confess that the dread of his strength and valour has hitherto deterred me from resenting his insults as they deserve. Now, Hamet, your look, your form, your words, convince me that you are born for manly daring. Take this dagger—as soon as the shades of night involve the city, I will myself conduct you to the place, where you may at once revenge your friend, and regain your freedom.—At this proposal, scorn and shame flashed from the kindling eye of Hamet, and passion for a considerable time deprived him of the power of utterance; at length he lifted his arm as high as his chains would permit, and cried with an indignant tone, Mighty prophet! and are these the wretches to which you permit your faithful votaries to be enslaved? Go, base Christian, and know that Hamet would not stoop to the vile trade of an assassin, for all the wealth of Venice! no! not to purchase the freedom of all his race! At these words, the merchant, without seeming much abashed, told him he was sorry he had offended him—but that he thought freedom had been dearer to him than he found it was. However, added he, as he turned his back, you will reflect upon my proposal, and perhaps by to-morrow you may change your mind. Hamet disdained to answer, and the merchant went his way.

The next day, however, he returned in company with his son, and mildly accosted Hamet thus: The abruptness of the proposal I yesterday made you, might perhaps asto-

nish you; but I am now come to discourse the matter more calmly with you, and I doubt not, when you have heard my reasons—Christian, interrupted Hamet, with a severe but composed countenance, cease at length to insult the miserable with proposals more shocking than even these chains. If thy religion permits such acts as those, know that they are execrable and abominable to the soul of every Mahometan: therefore, from this moment let us break off all further intercourse, and be strangers to each other. No, answered the merchant, flinging himself into the arms of Hamet, let us from this moment be more closely linked than ever! Generous man, whose virtues may at once disarm and enlighten thy enemies! Fondness for my son first made me interested in thy fate; but from the moment that I saw thee yesterday, I determined to set thee free: therefore, pardon me this unnecessary trial of thy virtue, which has only raised thee higher in my esteem. Francisco has a soul which is as averse to deeds of treachery and blood as even Hamet himself. From this moment, generous man, thou art free; thy ransom is already paid, with no other obligation than that of remembering the affection of this thy young and faithful friend; and perhaps, hereafter, when thou seest an unhappy Christian groaning in Turkish fetters, thy generosity may make thee think of Venice.

It is impossible to describe the ecstacies of the gratitude of Hamet at this unexpected deliverance. I will not therefore attempt to repeat what he said to his benefactors: I will only add, that he was that day set free; and Francisco embarked him on board a ship which was going to one of the Grecian islands, took leave of him with the greatest tenderness, and forced him to accept a purse of gold to pay his expenses. Nor was it without the greatest regret that

Hamet parted from his young friend, whose disinterested kindness had thus produced his freedom, he embraced him with an agony of tenderness, wept over him at parting, and prayed for every blessing upon his head.

It was about six months after this transaction, that a sudden fire burst forth in the house of this generous merchant. It was early in the morning, when sleep is the most profound, and none of the family perceived it till almost the whole building was involved in flames. The frighted servants had just time to waken the merchant and hurry him down stairs; and the instant he was down, the staircase itself gave way, and sunk with a horrid crash into the midst of the fire. But if Francisco congratulated himself for an instant upon his escape, it was only to resign himself immediately after to the most deep despair, when he found, upon inquiry, that his son, who slept in an upper apartment, had been neglected in the general tumult, and was yet amidst the flames. No words can describe the father's agony; he would have rushed headlong into the fire, but was restrained by his servants; he then raved in an agony of grief, and offered half his fortune to the intrepid man that would risk his life to save his child. As Francisco was known to be immensely rich, several ladders were in an instant raised, and several daring spirits, incited by the vast reward, attempted the adventure. The violence of the flames, however, which burst forth at every window, together with the ruins that fell on every side, drove them all back; and the unfortunate youth, who now appeared upon the battlements, stretching out his arms, and imploring aid, seemed to be destined to certain destruction. The unhappy father now lost all perception, and sunk down in a state of insensibility; when, in this dreadful moment of general suspense and agony,

a man rushed through the opening crowd, mounted the tallest of the ladders, with an intrepidity that showed he was resolved to succeed or perish, and instantly disappeared. A sudden gust of smoke and flame burst forth immediately after, which made the people imagine he was lost; when on a sudden, they beheld him emerge again with the child in his arms, and descend the ladder without any material damage. An universal shout of applause now resounded to the skies; but what words can give an adequate idea of the father's feelings, when, upon recovering his senses, he found his darling miraculously preserved, and safe within his arms? After the first effusions of his tenderness were over, he asked for his deliverer, and was shown a man of noble stature, but dressed in mean attire, and his features were so begrimed with smoke and filth, that it was impossible to distinguish them. Francisco, however, accosted him with courtesy, and presenting him with a purse of gold, begged he would accept of that for the present, and that the next day he should receive to the utmost of his promised reward. No, answered the stranger, generous merchant, I do not sell my blood. Gracious heavens! cried the merchant, sure I should know that voice! —It is—Yes, exclaimed the son, throwing himself into the arms of his deliverer, it is my Hamet! It was indeed Hamet who stood before them, in the same mean attire which he had worn six months before, when first the generosity of the merchant had redeemed him from slavery. Nothing could equal the astonishment and gratitude of Francisco; but as they were then surrounded by a large concourse of people, he desired Hamet to go with him to the house of one of his friends, and when they were alone he embraced him tenderly, and asked by what extraordinary chance he had thus been enslaved a second time;

adding a kind reproach for his not informing him of his captivity. I bless God for that captivity, answered Hamet, since it has given me an opportunity of showing that I was not altogether undeserving of your kindness, and of preserving the life of that dear youth, that I value a thousand times beyond my own. But it is now fit that my generous patron should be informed of the whole truth. Know then, that when the unfortunate Hamet was taken by your galleys, his aged father shared his captivity: it was his fate which so often made me shed those tears which first attracted the notice of your son; and when your unexampled bounty had set me free, I flew to find the Christian that had purchased him. I represented to him that I was young and vigorous, while he was aged and infirm: I added too the gold which I had received from your bounty: in a word, I prevailed upon the Christian to send back my father in that ship which was intended for me, without acquainting him with the means of his freedom—since that time I have staid here to discharge the debt of nature and gratitude, a willing slave.

At this part of the story, Harry, who had with difficulty restrained himself before, burst into such a fit of crying, and Tommy himself was so much affected, that Mr. Barlow told them they had better leave off for the present, and go to some other employment. They, therefore, went into the garden to resume the labour of their house, but found, to their unspeakable regret, that, during their absence, an accident had happened which had entirely destroyed all their labours. A violent storm of wind and rain had risen that morning, which, blowing full against the walls of their newly-constructed house, had levelled it with the ground. Tommy could scarcely refrain from

crying when he saw the ruins lying around; but Harry, who bore the loss with more composure, told him not to mind it, for it could be easily repaired, and they would build it stronger the next time. Harry then went up to the spot, and, after examining it some time, told Tommy that he believed he had found out the reason of their misfortune. What is it, said Tommy? Why, said Harry, it is only because we did not drive these stakes, which are to bear the whole weight of our house, far enough into the ground; and therefore, when the wind blew against the flat side of it with so much violence, it could not resist. And now I remember to have seen the workmen, when they begin a building, dig a considerable way into the ground, to lay the foundation fast; and I should think, that if we drove these stakes a great way into the ground, it would produce the same effect, and we should have nothing to fear from any future storms. Mr. Barlow then came into the garden, and the two boys showed him their misfortune, and asked him whether he did not think that driving the stakes further in would prevent such an accident for the future? Mr. Barlow told them, he thought it would; and that, as they were too short to reach the top of the stakes, he would assist them. He then went and brought a wooden mallet, with which he struck the top of the stakes, and drove them so fast into the ground, that there was no longer any danger of their being shaken by the weather. Harry and Tommy then applied themselves with so much assiduity to their work, that they in a very short time had repaired all the damage, and advanced it as far as it had been before. The next thing that was necessary to be done, was putting on a roof; for hitherto they had constructed nothing but the walls. For this purpose they took several other long poles, which they laid

across their building where it was narrowest; and upon these they placed straw in considerable quantities, so that now they imagined they had constructed a house that would completely screen them from the weather. But in this, unfortunately, they were again mistaken; for a violent shower of rain coming just as they had finished their building, they took shelter under it, and remarked for some time, with infinite pleasure, how dry and comfortable it kept them; but at last the straw that covered it being completely soaked through, and the water having no vent to run off, by reason of the flatness of the roof, the rain began to penetrate in considerable quantities. For some time Harry and Tommy bore the inconveniency; but it increased so much, that they were soon obliged to yield to it, and seek for shelter in the house. When they were thus secured, they began again to consider the affair of the house, and Tommy said, that it surely must be because they had not put straw enough upon it. No, said Harry, I think that cannot be the reason; I rather imagine that it must be owing to our roof lying so flat: for I have observed, that all houses that I have ever seen have their roofs in a shelving posture, by which means the wet continually runs off from them, and falls to the ground; whereas, ours being quite flat, detained almost all the rain that fell upon it, which must necessarily soak deeper and deeper into the straw, till it penetrated quite through. They therefore agreed to remedy this defect; and for this purpose they took several poles of an equal length, the one end of which they fastened to the side of their house, and let the other two ends meet in the middle, by which means they formed a roof, exactly like that which we commonly see upon buildings. They also took several other poles, which they tied across the others, to keep them

firm in their places, and give the roof additional strength. And, lastly, they covered the whole with straw or thatch; and for fear the thatch should be blown away, they stuck several pegs in different places, and put small pieces of sticks cross-wise from peg to peg, to keep the straw in its place. When this was done, they found they had a very tolerable house; only the sides, being formed of brushwood alone, did not sufficiently exclude the wind. To remedy this inconvenience, Harry, who was chief architect, procured some clay; and mixing it up with water to render it sufficiently soft, he daubed it all over the walls, both within and without, by which means the wind was excluded, and the house rendered much warmer than before.—Some time had now elapsed since the seeds of the wheat were sown, and they began to shoot so vigorously, that the blade of the corn appeared green above the ground, and increased every day in strength. Tommy went to look at it every morning, and remarked its gradual increase with the greatest satisfaction. Now, said he to Harry, I think we should soon be able to live, if we were upon a desert island. Here is a house to shelter us from the weather, and we shall soon have some corn for food. Yes, answered Harry, but there are a great many things still wanting to enable us to make bread.

Mr. Barlow had a very large garden, and an orchard full of the finest fruit-trees; and he had another bit of ground where he used to sow seeds in order to raise trees; and then they were carefully planted out in beds, till they were big enough to be moved into the orchard, and produce fruit. Tommy had often eaten of the fruit of the orchard, and thought it delicious; and this led him to think that it would be a great improvement to their house, if he had a few trees which he might set near it, and which

would shelter it from the sun, and hereafter produce fruit: so he desired Mr. Barlow to give him a couple of trees, and Mr. Barlow told him to go into the nursery, and take his choice. Accordingly Tommy went, and chose out two of the strongest looking trees he could find, which, with Harry's assistance, he transplanted into the garden in the following manner: They both took their spades, and very carefully dug the trees up without injuring their roots. Then they dug two large holes in the place where they chose the trees should stand, and very carefully broke the earth to pieces, that it might lie light upon the roots: then the tree was placed in the middle of the hole, and Tommy held it upright, while Harry gently threw the earth over the roots, which he trod down with his feet, in order to cover them well: lastly, he stuck a large stake in the ground, and tied the tree to it, from the fear that the wintry wind might injure it, or perhaps entirely blow it out of the ground. Nor did they bound their attention here. There was a little spring of water which burst forth from the upper ground in the garden, and ran down the side of the hill in a small stream. Harry and Tommy laboured very hard for several days, to form a new channel to lead the water near the roots of their trees; for it happened to be hot and dry weather, and they feared their trees might perish from the want of moisture.

It happened about this time, that Tommy and Harry rose early one morning and went to take a long walk before breakfast, as they used frequently to do: they rambled so far, that at last they both found themselves tired, and sat down under a hedge to rest. While they were here, a very clean and decently-drest woman passed by, who seeing two little boys sitting by themselves, stopped to look at them; and after considering them attentively,

she said, You seem, my little dears, to be either tired, or to have lost your way. No, said Harry, Madam, we have not lost our way; but we have walked further than usual this morning, and we wait here a little while to rest ourselves. Well, said the woman, if you will come into my little house that you see a few yards further on, you may sit more comfortably; and as my daughter has by this time milked the cows, she shall give you a mess of bread and milk. Tommy, who was by this time extremely hungry as well as tired, told Harry that he should like to accept the good woman's invitation; so they both followed her to a small but clean-looking farm-house which stood at a little distance. Here they entered a very clean kitchen, furnished with plain but convenient furniture, and were desired to sit down by a warm and comfortable fire, which was made of turf. Tommy, who had never seen such a fire, could not help inquiring about it: and the good woman told him, that poor people like her, were unable to purchase coals; therefore, said she, we go and pare the surface of the commons, which is full of grass, and heath, and other vegetables, together with their roots all matted together; these we dry in small pieces, by leaving them exposed to the summer's sun, and then we bring them home and put them under the cover of a shed, and use them for our fires. But, said Tommy, I should think that you would hardly have fire enough by these means to dress your dinner; for I have by accident been in my father's kitchen when they were dressing the dinner, and I saw a fire that blazed up to the very top of the chimney. The poor woman smiled at this, and said, Your father, I suppose, master, is some rich man that has a great deal of victuals to dress; but we poor people must be more easily contented. Why, said Tommy, you must at least want to

roast meat every day. No, said the poor woman, we seldom see roast meat in our house; but we are very well contented if we can get a bit of fat pork every day, boiled in a pot with turnips: and we bless God that we fare so well; for there are many poor souls, that are as good as we, that can scarcely get a morsel of dry bread. As they were conversing in this manner, Tommy happened to cast his eyes on one side, and saw a room that was almost filled with apples. Pray, said he, what can you do with all these apples? I should think you would never be able to eat them, though you were to eat nothing else. That is very true, said the woman; but we make cider of them. What, cried Tommy, are you able to make that sweet, pleasant liquor that they call cider, and is it made of apples? *The Woman.* Yes, indeed it is. *Tommy.* And pray how is it made? *The Woman.* We take the apples when they are ripe, and squeeze them in a machine we have for that purpose. Then we take this pulp and put it into large hair bags, which we press in a great press, till all the juice runs out. *Tommy.* And is this juice cider? *The Woman.* You shall taste, little master, as you seem so curious. She then led him into another room, where there was a great tub full of the juice of apples, and taking some up in a cup, she desired him to taste whether it was cider. Tommy tasted, and said it was very sweet and pleasant, but not cider. Well, said the woman, let us try another cask. She then took some liquor out of another barrel, which she gave him; and Tommy, when he had tasted it, said that it really was cider. But pray, said he, what do you do to the apple juice to make it into cider? *The Woman.* Nothing at all. *Tommy.* How then should it become cider? for I am sure what you gave me first is not cider. *The Woman.* Why, we put the juice into a large cask,

and let it stand in some warm place, where it soon begins to ferment. *Tommy*. Ferment? pray what is that? *The Woman*. You shall see. She then showed him another cask, and bid him observe the liquor that was in it. This he did, and saw it was covered all over with a thick scum and froth. *Tommy*. And is this what you call fermentation? *The Woman*. Yes, master. *Tommy*. And what is the reason of it? *The Woman*. That I do not know indeed; but when we have pressed the juice out, as I told you, we put it into a cask, and let it stand in some warm place, and in a short time, it begins to work or ferment of itself, as you see; and after this fermentation has continued some time, it acquires the taste and properties of cider; and then we draw it off into casks and sell it, or else keep it for our own use. And I am told this is the manner in which they make wine in other countries. *Tommy*. What! is wine made of apples then? *The Woman*. No, master; wine is made of grapes, but they squeeze the juice out and treat it in the same manner as we do the juice of the apples. *Tommy*. I declare this is very curious indeed. Then cider is nothing but wine made of apples. While they were conversing in this manner, a little clean girl came and brought Tommy an earthen porringer full of new milk, with a large slice of brown bread. Tommy took it, and ate it with so good a relish, that he thought he had never made a better breakfast in his life. When Harry and he had eaten their breakfast, Tommy told him it was time they should go home: so he thanked the good woman for her kindness, and putting his hand into his pocket, pulled out a shilling, which he desired her to accept. No, God bless you, my little dear, said the woman; I will not take a farthing of you for the world. What, though my husband and I are poor; yet we are able to get a living by

our labour, and give a mess of milk to a traveller, without hurting ourselves. Tommy thanked her again, and was just going away, when a couple of surly looking men came in, and asked the woman if her name was Tosset. Yes, it is, said the woman; I have never been ashamed of it. Why then, said one of the men, pulling a paper out of his pocket, here is an execution against you, on the part of Mr. Richard Gruff; and if your husband does not instantly discharge the debt with interest and costs, amounting altogether to the sum of thirty-nine pounds ten shillings, we shall take an inventory of all you have, and proceed to sell it by auction for discharge of the debt. Indeed, said the poor woman, looking a little confused, this must certainly be a mistake; for I never heard of Mr. Richard Gruff, in all my life, nor do I believe that my husband owes a farthing in the world, unless to his landlord; and I know that he has almost made up half a year's rent for him, so that I do not think he would go to trouble a poor man. No, no, mistress, said the man, shaking his head; we know our business too well to make these kind of mistakes: but when your husband comes in, we'll talk with him; in the mean time we must go on with our inventory. The two men then went into the next room, and, immediately after, a stout, comely-looking man, of about the age of forty, came in, and asked if his breakfast was ready. Oh! my poor dear William, said the woman, here is a sad breakfast for you; but I think it cannot be true that you owe any thing; so what the fellows told me must be false, about Richard Gruff.—At this name the man instantly started, and his countenance, which was before ruddy, became pale as a sheet. Surely, said the woman, it cannot be true that you owe forty pounds to Richard Gruff. Alas, answered the man, I do not know the exact

sum; but when your brother Peter failed, and his creditors seized all that he had, this Richard Gruff was going to send him to a gaol, had not I agreed to be bound for him, which enabled him to go to sea: he indeed promised to remit his wages to me, to prevent my getting into any trouble upon that account; but you know it is now three years since he went, and in all that time we have heard nothing about him. Then, said the woman, bursting into tears, you and all your poor dear children are ruined for my ungrateful brother; for here are two bailiffs in the house, who are come to take possession of all you have, and to sell it. At this the man's face became red as scarlet; and seizing an old sword that hung over the chimney, he cried out, No, it shall not be—I will die first—I will make these villains know what it is to make honest men desperate. He then drew the sword, and was going out in a fit of madness which might have proved fatal either to himself or to the bailiffs; but his wife flung herself upon her knees before him, and, catching hold of his legs, besought him to be more composed. Oh! for Heaven's sake, said she, my dear, dear husband, consider what you are doing! You can neither do me nor your children any service by this violence; instead of that, should you be so unfortunate as to kill either of these men, would it not be murder? And would not our lot be a thousand times harder than it is at present? This remonstrance seemed to have some effect upon the farmer: his children too, although too young to understand the cause of all this confusion, gathered round him, and hung about him, sobbing in concert with their mother. Little Harry too, although a stranger to the poor man before, yet with the tenderest sympathy took him by the hand, and bathed it with his tears. At length, softened and overcome by the sorrows of those he loved so well,

and by his own cooler reflections, he resigned the fatal instrument, and sat himself down upon a chair, covering his face with his hands, and only saying, The will of God be done!——Tommy had beheld this affecting scene with the greatest attention, although he had not said a word; and now beckoning Harry away, he went silently out of the house, and took the road which led to Mr. Barlow's. While he was upon the way, he seemed to be so full of the scene which had just passed, that he did not open his lips; but when he came home, he instantly went to Mr. Barlow, and desired that he would directly send him to his father's. Mr. Barlow stared at the request, and asked him what was the occasion of his being so suddenly tired with his residence at the vicarage? Sir, answered Tommy, I am not the least tired, I assure you; you have been extremely kind to me, and I shall always remember it with the greatest gratitude; but I want to see my father immediately, and I am sure, when you come to know the occasion, you will not disapprove it. Mr. Barlow did not press him any further, but ordered a careful servant to saddle a horse directly, and take Tommy home before him. Mr. and Mrs. Merton were extremely surprised and overjoyed at the sight of their son, who thus unexpectedly arrived at home; but Tommy, whose mind was full of the project which he had formed, as soon as he had answered their first questions, accosted his father thus: Pray, Sir, will you be angry with me if I ask you for a great favour? No, surely, said Mr. Merton, that I will not. Why then, said Tommy, as I have often heard you say that you were very rich, and that, if I was good, I should be rich too, will you give me some money. Money, said Mr. Merton, yes, to be sure: how much do you want? Why, Sir, said Tommy, I want a very large sum, indeed

Perhaps a guinea, answered Mr. Merton. *Tommy.* No, Sir, a great deal more—a great many guineas. *Mr. Merton.* Let us however see. *T.* Why, Sir, I want at least forty pounds. God bless the boy! answered Mrs. Merton: surely Mr. Barlow must have taught him to be ten times more extravagant than he was before. *Tommy.* Indeed, Madam, Mr. Barlow knows nothing about the matter. But, said Mr. Merton, what can such an urchin as you want with such a large sum of money? Sir, answered Tommy, that is a secret; but I am sure, when you come to hear it, you will approve of the use I intend to make of it. *Mr. Merton.* That I very much doubt. But, replied Tommy, Sir, if you please, you may let me have this money, and I will pay you again by degrees. *Mr. Merton.* How will you ever be able to pay me such a sum? *T.* Why, Sir, you know you are so kind as frequently to give me new clothes and pocket-money; now, if you will only let me have this money, I will neither want new clothes, nor any thing else, till you have made it up. *Mr. Merton.* But what can such a child as you want with all this money? *T.* Pray, Sir, wait a few days and you shall know; and if I make a bad use of it, never believe me again as long as I live. Mr. Merton was extremely struck with the earnestness with which his son persevered in his demand; and as he was both very rich and very liberal, he determined to hazard the experiment, and comply with his request. He accordingly went and fetched him the money which he asked, and put it into his hands, telling him at the same time, that he expected to be made acquainted with the use he put it to; and that if he was not satisfied with the account, he would never trust him again. Tommy appeared in ecstacies at the confidence which was reposed in him, and after thanking his father for his ex-

traordinary goodness, he desired leave to go back again with Mr. Barlow's servant. When he arrived at Mr. Barlow's, his first care was to desire Harry to accompany him again to the farmer's house. Thither the two boys went with the greatest expedition; and, upon their entering the house, found the unhappy family in the same situation as before. But Tommy, who had hitherto suppressed his feelings, finding himself now enabled to execute the project he had formed, went up to the good woman of the house, who sat sobbing in a corner of the room, and taking her gently by the hand, said, My good woman, you were very kind to me in the morning, and therefore I am determined to be kind to you in return. God bless you, my little master, said the woman, you were very welcome to what you had; but you are not able to do any thing to relieve our distress. How do you know that? said Tommy; perhaps I can do more for you than you imagine. Alas! answered the woman, I believe you would do all you could: but all our goods will be seized and sold, unless we can immediatley raise the sum of forty pounds; and that is impossible, for we have no earthly friend to assist us: therefore, my poor babes and I must soon be turned out of doors, and God alone can keep them from starving. Tommy's little heart was too much affected to keep the woman longer in suspense; therefore pulling out his bag of money, he poured it into her lap, saying, Here, my good woman, take this, and pay your debts, and God bless you and your children! It is impossible to express the surprise of the poor woman at the sight; she stared wildly round her, and upon her little benefactor, and clasping her hands together in an agony of gratitude and feeling, she fell back in her chair with a kind of convulsive motion. Her husband, who was in the next room, seeing

her in this condition, ran up to her, and catching her in his arms, asked her, with the greatest tenderness, what was the matter: but she, springing on a sudden from his embraces, threw herself upon her knees before the little boy, sobbing, and blessing him with a broken, inarticulate voice, embracing his knees, and kissing his feet. The husband, who did not know what had happened, imagined that his wife had lost her senses, and the little children that had before been skulking about the room, ran up to their mother, pulling her by the gown, and hiding their faces in her bosom. But the woman, at sight of them, seemed to recollect herself, and cried out, Little wretches, that must all have been starved without the assistance of this little angel, why do you not fall down and join with me to worship him? At this the husband said, Surely, Mary, you must have lost your senses. What can this young gentleman do for us, or to prevent our wretched babes from perishing? Oh! said the woman, William, I am not mad, though I appear so: but look here, William, look what Providence has sent us by the hands of this little angel, and then wonder that I should be wild. Saying this, she held up the money, and at the sight her husband looked as wild and astonished as she. But Tommy went up to the man, and taking him by the hand, said, My good friend, you are very welcome to this; I freely give it you, and I hope it will enable you to pay what you owe, and to preserve these poor little children. But the man, who had before appeared to bear his misfortunes with silent dignity, now burst into tears, and sobbed like his wife and children. But Tommy, who now began to be pained with this excess of gratitude, went silently out of the house, followed by Harry, and before the poor family perceived what was become of him, was out of sight.

When he came back to Mr. Barlow's, that gentleman received him with the greatest affection; and when he had inquired after the health of Mr. and Mrs. Merton, asked Tommy whether he had forgotten the story of the grateful Turk. Tommy told him he had not, and should now be very glad to hear the remainder, which Mr. Barlow gave him to read, and was as follows:

THE CONTINUATION OF THE HISTORY OF THE GRATEFUL TURK.

WHEN Hamet had thus finished his story, the Venetian was astonished at the virtue and elevation of his mind; and after saying every thing that his gratitude and admiration suggested, he concluded with pressing him to accept the half of his fortune, and to settle in Venice for the remainder of his life. This offer Hamet refused, with the greatest respect, but with a generous disdain; and told his friend, that in what he had done, he had only discharged a debt of gratitude and friendship. You were, said he, my generous benefactor; you had a claim upon my life by the benefit you had already conferred: that life would have been well bestowed, had it been lost in your service; but since Providence has otherwise decreed, it is a sufficient recompense to me to have proved that Hamet is not ungrateful, and to have been instrumental to the preservation of your happiness.

But though the disinterestedness of Hamet made him under-rate his own exertions, the merchant could not remain contented, without showing his gratitude by all the means within his power. He therefore once more purchased the freedom of Hamet, and freighted a ship on purpose to send him back to his own country; he and his son then embraced him with all the affection that gratitude

could inspire, and bade him, as they thought, an eternal adieu.

Many years had now elapsed since the departure of Hamet into his own country without their seeing him, or receiving any intelligence from him. In the mean time, the young Francisco, the son of the merchant, grew up to manhood; and as he had acquired every accomplishment which tends to improve the mind, or form the manners, added to an excellent disposition, he was generally beloved and esteemed.

It happened that some business about this time made it necessary for him and his father to go to a neighbouring maritime city; and as they thought a passage by sea would be more expeditious, they both embarked in a Venetian vessel, which was upon the point of sailing to that place. They set sail, therefore, with favourable winds, and every appearance of a happy passage; but they had not proceeded more than half their intended voyage, before a Turkish corsair, a ship purposely fitted out for war, was seen bearing down upon them; and as the enemy exceeded them much in swiftness, they soon found that it was impossible to escape. The greater part of the crew belonging to the Venetian vessel was struck with consternation, and seemed already overcome by fear; but the young Francisco drawing his sword, reproached his comrades with their cowardice, and so effectually encouraged them, that they determined to defend their liberty by a desperate resistance. The Turkish vessel now approached them in awful silence; but in an instant the dreadful noise of the artillery was heard, and the heavens were obscured with smoke, intermixed with transitory flashes of fire. Three times did the Turks leap, with horrid shouts, upon the deck of the Venetian vessel, and

three times were they driven back by the desperate resistance of the crew headed by young Francisco. At length the slaughter of their men was so great, that they seemed disposed to discontinue the fight, and were actually taking another course. The Venetians beheld their flight with the greatest joy, and were congratulating each other upon their successful valour and merited escape, when two more ships on a sudden appeared in sight, bearing down upon them with incredible swiftness before the wind. Every heart was now chilled with new terrors, when upon their nearer approach they discovered the fatal ensigns of their enemies, and knew that there was no longer any possibility either of resistance or escape. They therefore lowered their flag, the sign of surrendering their ship, and in an instant saw themselves in the power of their enemies, who came pouring in on every side with the rage and violence of beasts of prey.

All that remained alive of the brave Venetian crew were loaded with fetters, and closely guarded in the hold of the ship till it arrived at Tunis. They were then brought out in chains, and exposed in the public market to be sold for slaves. They had there the mortification to see their companions picked out, one by one, according to their apparent strength and vigour, and sold to different masters. At length, a Turk approached, who, from his look and habit, appeared to be of superior rank; and after glancing his eye over the rest, with an expression of compassion, he fixed them at last upon young Francisco, and demanded of the captain of the ship what was the price of that young man? The captain answered that he would not take less than five hundred pieces of gold for that captive. That, said the Turk, is very extraordinary, since I have seen you sell those that much exceed him in vigour

for less than a fifth part of that sum. Yes, answered the captain, but he shall either pay me some part of the damage he has occasioned, or labour for life at the oar. What damage, answered the other, can he have done you more than all the rest, that you have prized so cheaply? He it was, replied the captain, that animated the Christians to that desperate resistance which cost me the lives of so many of my bravest sailors. Three times did we leap upon their deck, with a fury that seemed irresistible; and three times did that youth attack us with such cool, determined opposition, that we were obliged to retreat ingloriously, leaving at every charge twenty of our number behind. Therefore, I repeat it, I will either have that price for him, great as it may appear, or else I will gratify my revenge by seeing him drudge for life in my victorious galley.

At this, the Turk examined young Francisco with new attention; and he, who had hitherto fixed his eyes upon the ground in sullen silence, now lifted them up; but scarcely had he beheld the person that was talking to the captain, when he uttered a loud cry, and repeated the name of Hamet. The Turk, with equal emotion, surveyed him for a moment, and then catching him in his arms, embraced him with the transports of a parent who unexpectedly recovers a long-lost child.—It is unnecessary to repeat all that gratitude and affection inspired Hamet to say; but when he heard that his ancient benefactor was amongst the number of those unhappy Venetians who stood before him, he hid his face for a moment under his vest, and seemed overwhelmed with sorrow and astonishment; then recollecting himself, he raised his arms to Heaven, and blessed that Providence which had made him the instrument of safety to his ancient benefactor.

He then instantly flew to that part of the market where Francisco stood waiting for his fate, with a manly, mute despair. He called him his friend, his benefactor, and every endearing name which friendship and gratitude could inspire; and ordering his chains to be instantly taken off, he conducted him and his son to a magnificent house which belonged to him in the city. As soon as they were alone, and had time for an explanation of their mutual fortunes, Hamet told the Venetians, that when he was set at liberty by their generosity, and restored to his country, he had accepted a command in the Turkish armies; and that having had the good fortune to distinguish himself upon several occasions, he had gradually been promoted, through various offices, to the dignity of bashaw of Tunis. Since I have enjoyed this post, added he, there is nothing which I find in it so agreeable as the power it gives me of alleviating the misfortunes of those unhappy Christians that are taken prisoners by our corsairs. Whenever a ship arrives which brings with it any of these sufferers, I constantly visit the markets, and redeem a certain number of the captives, whom I restore to liberty. And gracious Allah has shewn that he approves of these faint endeavours to discharge the sacred duties of gratitude for my own redemption, by putting it in my power to serve the best and dearest of men.

Ten days were Francisco and his son entertained in the house of Hamet, during which time he put in practice every thing within his power to please and interest them; but when he found that they were desirous of returning home, he told them that he would no longer detain them from their country, but that they should embark the next day, in a ship that was setting sail for Venice. Accordingly, on the morrow, he dismissed them with many em-

braces, and much reluctance, and ordered a chosen party of his own guards to conduct them on board their vessel. When they arrived there, their joy and admiration were considerably increased on finding that, by the generosity of Hamet, not only the ship which had been taken, but the whole crew were redeemed and restored to freedom. Francisco and his son embarked, and after a favourable voyage, arrived without accident in their own country, where they lived many years respected and esteemed, continually mindful of the vicissitudes of human affairs, and attentive to discharge their duties to their fellow-creatures.

When the children came back to Mr. Barlow's, they found Master Merton's servant and horses waiting to bring him home. When he arrived there, he was received with the greatest joy and tenderness by his parents; but though he gave them an account of every thing else that had happened, he did not say a word about the money he had given to the farmer. But the next day being Sunday, Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Tommy went together to the parish-church; which they had scarcely entered, when a general whisper ran through the whole congregation, and all eyes were in an instant turned upon the little boy. Mr. and Mrs. Merton were very much astonished at this, but they forbore to inquire till the end of the service: then, as they were going out of church together, Mr. Merton asked his son what could be the reason of the general attention which he excited at his entrance into church. Tommy had no time to answer, for at that instant a very decent looking woman ran up, and threw herself at his feet, calling him her guardian-angel and preserver, and praying that Heaven would shower down upon his head all the blessings which he deserved. It was some time be-

fore Mr. and Mrs. Merton could understand the nature of this extraordinary scene; but when they at length understood the secret of their son's generosity, they seemed to be scarcely less affected than the woman herself; and shedding tears of transport and affection, they embraced their son, without attending to the crowd that surrounded them; but immediately recollecting themselves, they took their leave of the poor woman, and hurried to their coach with such sensations as it is more easy to conceive than to describe.

The summer had now completely passed away while Tommy was receiving these improvements at the house of Mr. Barlow. In the course of this time, both his body and mind had acquired additional vigour; for he was neither so fretful and humoursome, nor so easily affected by the vicissitudes of the season.

And now the winter had set in with unusual severity. The water was all frozen into a solid mass of ice; the earth was bare of food; and the little birds that used to hop about and chirp with gladness, seemed to lament in silence the inclemency of the weather. Tommy was one day surprised, when he entered his chamber, to find a very pretty little bird flying about it. He went down stairs and informed Mr. Barlow, who, after he had seen the bird, told him it was called a Robin Red-breast; and that it was naturally more tame and disposed to cultivate the society of men than any other species. But, at present, added he, the little fellow is in want of food, because the earth is too hard to furnish him any assistance, and hunger inspires him with this unusual boldness. Why then, said Tommy, Sir, if you will give me leave, I will fetch a piece of bread and feed him. Do so, answered Mr. Barlow, but first set the window open, that he may see you do not in-

tend to take him prisoner. Tommy accordingly opened his window, and, scattering a few crumbs of bread about the room, had the satisfaction of seeing his guest hop down, and make a very hearty meal. He then flew out of the room, and settled upon a neighbouring tree, singing all the time, as if to return thanks for the hospitality he had met with.

Tommy was greatly delighted with his new acquaintance, and from this time never failed to set his window open every morning, and scatter some crumbs about the room; which the bird perceiving, hopped fearlessly in, and regaled himself under the protection of his benefactor. By degrees, the intimacy increased so much, that little Robin would alight on Tommy's shoulder, and whistle his notes in that situation, or eat out of his hand; all which gave Tommy so much satisfaction, that he would frequently call Mr. Barlow and Harry to be witness of his favourite's caresses; nor did he ever eat his own meals without reserving a part for his little friend.

It however happened that one day Tommy went up stairs after dinner, intending to feed his bird as usual; but as soon as he opened the door of his chamber, he discovered a sight that pierced him to the very heart. His little friend and innocent companion lay dead upon the floor, and torn in pieces; and a large cat taking that opportunity to escape, soon directed his suspicions towards the murderer. Tommy instantly ran down with tears in his eyes, to relate the unfortunate death of his favourite to Mr. Barlow, and to demand vengeance against the wicked cat that had occasioned it. Mr. Barlow heard him with great compassion, but asked what punishment he wished to inflict upon the cat?

Tommy.

Oh! Sir, nothing can be too bad for that cruel animal. I would have her killed, as she killed the poor bird.

Mr. Barlow.

But do you imagine that she did it out of any particular malice to your bird, or merely because she was hungry, and accustomed to catch her prey in that manner?

Tommy considered some time, but at last he owned that he did not suspect the cat of having any particular spite against his bird, and therefore he supposed she had been impelled by hunger.

Mr. Barlow.

Have you never observed that it was the property of that species to prey upon mice and other little animals.

Tommy.

Yes, Sir, very often.

Mr. Barlow.

And have you ever corrected her for so doing, or attempted to teach her other habits?

Tommy.

I cannot say I have.—Indeed I have seen little Harry, when she had caught a mouse and was tormenting it, take it from her, and give it liberty. But I have never meddled with her myself.

Mr. Barlow.

Are you not then more to be blamed than the cat herself?—You have observed that it was common to the whole species to destroy mice and little birds, whenever they could surprise them, yet you have taken no pains to secure your favourite from the danger; on the contrary, by rendering him tame, and accustoming him to be fed, you have exposed him to a violent death, which he would probably have avoided, had he remained wild. Would it not

then be just and more reasonable to endeavour to teach the cat that she must no longer prey upon little birds, than to put her to death for what you have never taught her was an offence?

Tommy.

But is that possible?

Mr. Barlow.

Very possible, I should imagine. But we may at least try the experiment.

Tommy.

But why should such a mischievous creature live at all?

Mr. Barlow.

Because, if you destroyed every creature that preys upon others, you would perhaps leave few alive.

Tommy.

Surely, Sir, the poor bird which that naughty cat has killed, was never guilty of such a cruelty?

Mr. Barlow.

I will not answer for that. Let us observe what they live upon in the fields; we shall then be able to give a better account.

Mr. Barlow then went to the window, and desired Tommy to come to him, and observe a Robin which was then hopping upon the grass with something in its mouth, and asked him what he thought it was.

Tommy.

I protest, Sir, it is a large worm. And now he has swallowed it! I should never have thought that such a pretty bird could be so cruel.

Mr. Barlow.

Do you imagine that the bird is conscious of all that is suffered by the insect?

Tommy.

No, Sir.

Mr. Barlow.

In him then it is not the same cruelty which it would be in you, who are endowed with reason and reflection. Nature has given him a propensity for animal food, which he obeys in the same manner as the sheep and ox when they feed upon grass, or the ass when he browses upon the furze or thistles.

Tommy.

Why, then, perhaps the cat did not know the cruelty she was guilty of in tearing that poor bird to pieces.

Mr. Barlow.

No more than the bird we have just seen is conscious of his cruelty to the insect. The natural food of cats consists in rats, mice, birds, and such small animals as they can seize by violence, or catch by craft. It was impossible she should know the value you set upon your bird, and therefore she had no more intention of offending you, than had she caught a mouse.

Tommy.

But if that is the case, should I have another tame bird, she will kill it as she has done this poor fellow.

Mr. Barlow.

That, perhaps, may be prevented—I have heard people, that deal in birds, affirm, there is a way of preventing cats from meddling with them.

Tommy.

Oh! dear Sir! I should like to try it. Will you not show me how to prevent the cat from killing any more birds?

Mr. Barlow.

Most willingly.—It is certainly better to correct the

faults of an animal, than to destroy it. Besides, I have a particular affection for this cat, because I found her when she was a kitten, and have bred her up so tame and gentle, that she will follow me about like a dog. She comes every morning to my chamber door, and mews till she is let in; and she sits upon the table at breakfast and dinner, as grave and polite as a visitor, without offering to touch the meat. Indeed, before she was guilty of this offence, I have often seen you stroke and caress her with great affection; and puss, who is by no means of an ungrateful temper, would always purr and arch her tail, as if she were sensible of your attention.

In a few days after this conversation, another Robin suffering like the former, from the inclemency of the season, flew into the house, and commenced acquaintance with Tommy. But he, who recollected the mournful fate of his former bird, would not encourage it to any familiarity, till he had claimed the promise of Mr. Barlow, in order to preserve it from danger. Mr. Barlow, therefore, enticed the new guest into a small wire cage, and as soon as he had entered, shut the door, in order to prevent his escaping. He then took a small gridiron, such as is used to broil meat upon, and having almost heated it red hot, placed it erect upon the ground, before the cage in which the bird was confined. He then contrived to entice the cat into the room, and observing that she fixed her eye upon the bird, which she destined to become her prey, he withdrew the two little boys in order to leave her unrestrained in her operations. They did not retire far, but observed her from the door fix her eyes upon the cage, and begin to approach it in silence, bending her body to the ground, and almost touching it as she crawled along. When she judged herself within a proper distance, she

exerted all her agility in a violent spring, which would probably have been fatal to the bird, had not the gridiron placed before the cage received the impression of her attack. Nor was this disappointment the only punishment she was destined to undergo: the bars of the machine had been so thoroughly heated, that in rushing against them, she felt herself burned in several parts of her body; and retired from the field of battle, mewing dreadfully and full of pain; and such was the impression which this adventure produced, that from this time, she was never known again to attempt to destroy birds.

The coldness of the weather still continuing, all the wild animals began to perceive the effects, and compelled by hunger, approached nearer to the habitations of man, and the places they had been accustomed to avoid. A multitude of hares, the most timorous of all animals, were frequently seen scudding about the garden, in search of the scanty vegetables which the severity of the season had spared. In a short time, they had devoured all the green herbs which could be found, and hunger still oppressing them, they began to gnaw the very bark of the trees for food. One day, as Tommy was walking in the garden, he found that even the beloved tree which he had planted with his own hands, and from which he had promised himself so plentiful a produce of fruit, had not escaped the general depredation, but had been gnawed round at the root and killed. Tommy, who could ill brook disappointment, was so enraged to see his labours prove abortive, that he ran with tears in his eyes to Mr. Barlow, to demand vengeance against the devouring hares. Indeed, said Mr. Barlow, I am sorry for what they have done, but it is now too late to prevent it. Yes, answered Tommy, but you may have all those mischievous creatures shot,

that they may do no further damage. A little while ago, replied Mr. Barlow, you wanted to destroy the cat because she was cruel and preyed upon living animals, and now you would murder all the hares, merely because they are innocent, inoffensive animals, that subsist upon vegetables.—Tommy looked a little foolish, but he said, that he did not want to hurt them for living upon vegetables, but for destroying his tree. But, said Mr. Barlow, how can you expect the animal to distinguish your trees from any other? You should therefore have fenced them round in such a manner as might have prevented the hares from reaching them. Besides, in such extreme distress as animals now suffer from the want of food, I think they may be forgiven, if they trespass a little more than usual. Mr. Barlow then took Tommy by the hand, and led him into a field at some distance which belonged to him, and which was sown with turnips. Scarcely had they entered the field, before a flock of larks rose up in such innumerable quantities as almost darkened the air. See, said Mr. Barlow, these little fellows are trespassing upon my turnips in such numbers, that in a short time they will destroy every bit of green about the field; yet I would not hurt them upon any account. Look round the whole extent of the country, you will see nothing but a barren waste, which presents no food either to bird or beast. These little creatures therefore assemble in multitudes here, where they find a scanty subsistence, and though they do me some mischief, they are welcome to what they can find. In the spring they will enliven our walks by their agreeable songs.

Some few days after this conversation, when the snow was a good deal worn away, though the frost and cold continued, the two little boys went out to take a walk. In-

sensibly they wandered so far that they scarcely knew their way, and therefore resolved to return as speedily as possible. But, unfortunately, in passing through a wood, they entirely missed the track and lost themselves. To add to their distress, the wind began to blow most bitterly from the north, and a violent shower of snow coming on, obliged them to seek the thickest shelter they could find. There happened fortunately to be near an aged oak, whose inside gradually decaying was worn away by time, and afforded an ample opening to shelter them from the storm. Into this the two little boys crept safely, and endeavoured to keep each other warm, while a violent shower of snow and sleet fell all around, and gradually covered the earth. Tommy, who had been little used to hardship, bore it for some time with fortitude, and without uttering a complaint. At length hunger and fear took entire possession of his soul, and turning to Harry with watery eyes and a mournful voice, he asked him what they should do. Do, said Harry, we must wait here, I think, till the weather clears up a little, and then we will endeavour to find the way home.

Tommy.

But what if the weather should not clear up at all?

Harry.

In that case we must either endeavour to find our way through the snow, or stay here, where we are so conveniently sheltered.

Tommy.

But oh! what a dreadful thing it is to be here all alone in this dreary wood! And then I am so hungry, and so cold: oh! that we had but a little fire to warm us!

Harry.

I have heard that shipwrecked persons, when they have

been cast away upon a desert coast, have made a fire to warm themselves by rubbing two pieces of wood together till they caught fire; or, here is a better thing, I have a large knife in my pocket, and if I could find a piece of flint, I could easily strike fire with the back of it.

Harry then searched about, and with some little difficulty found a couple of flints, as the ground was nearly hidden with snow. He then took the flints, and striking one upon the other with all his force, he shivered them into several pieces; out of these he chose the thinnest and sharpest, and told Tommy with a smile, that he believed that would do. He then took the flint, and striking it several times against the back of his knife, produced several sparks of fire. This, said Harry, will be sufficient to light a fire, if we can but find something of a sufficiently combustible nature to kindle from these sparks. He then collected all the driest leaves he could find, with little decayed pieces of wood, and piling them into a heap, endeavoured to kindle a blaze by the sparks which he continually struck from his knife and the flint. But it was in vain; the leaves were not of a sufficiently combustible nature, and while he wearied himself in vain, they were not at all the more advanced. Tommy, who beheld the ill success of his friend, began to be more and more terrified, and in despair asked Harry again what they should do. Harry answered, that, as they had failed in their attempt to warm themselves, the best thing they could do, was to endeavour to find their way home, more especially as the snow had now ceased, and the sky was become much clearer. This Tommy consented to, and with infinite difficulty they began their march; for, as the snow had completely covered every track, and the day-light began to fail, they wandered at random through a vast and pathless wood. At every

step which Tommy took, he sunk almost to his knees in snow, the wind was bleak and cold, and it was with infinite difficulty that Harry could prevail upon him to continue his journey. At length, however, as they thus pursued their way, with infinite toil, they came to some lighted embers, which either some labourers, or some wandering passengers, had lately quitted, and which were yet unextinguished. See, said Harry, with joy, see what a lucky chance is this! Here is a fire ready lighted for us, which needs only the assistance of a little wood to make it burn. Harry then again collected all the dry pieces he could find, and piled them upon the embers, which in a few moments began to blaze, and diffused a cheerful warmth. Tommy then began to warm and chafe his almost frozen limbs over the fire with infinite delight; at length he could not help observing to Harry, that he never could have believed that a few dried sticks could have been of so much consequence to him. Ah! answered Harry, Master Tommy, you have been brought up in such a manner that you never knew what it was to want any thing. But that is not the case with thousands and millions of people. I have seen hundreds of poor children that have neither bread to eat, fire to warm, nor clothes to cover them. Only think then, what a disagreeable situation they must be in: yet they are so accustomed to hardship, that they do not cry in a twelvemonth as much as you have done within this quarter of an hour.

Why, answered Tommy, a little disconcerted at the observation of his crying, it cannot be expected that gentlemen should be able to bear all these inconveniences as well as the poor. Why not? answered Harry: Is not a gentleman as much a man as the poor can be? And, if he is a man, should he not accustom himself to support every thing that his fellow-creatures do?

Tommy.

That is very true—But he will have all the conveniences of life provided for him, victuals to eat, a good warm bed, and fire to warm him.

Harry.

But he is not sure of having all these things as long as he lives.—Besides, I have often observed the gentlemen and ladies in the neighbourhood, riding about in coaches, and covered from head to foot, yet shaking with the least breath of air as if they all had agues; while the children of the poor run about bare-footed upon the ice, and divert themselves with making snow-balls.

Tommy.

That is indeed true, for I have seen my mother's visitors sitting over the warmest fire that could be made, and complaining of cold, while the labourers out of doors were stripped to their shirts to work, and never minded it in the least.

Harry.

Then I should think that exercise, by which a person can warm himself when he pleases, is infinitely a better thing than all these conveniences you speak of; because, after all, they will not hinder a person from being cold, but exercise will warm him in an instant.

Tommy.

But then it is not proper for gentlemen to do the same kind of work with the common people.

Harry.

But is it not proper for a gentleman to have his body stout and hardy?

Tommy.

To be sure it is.

Harry.

Why then he must sometimes labour and use his limbs, or else he will never be able to do it.

Tommy.

What, cannot a person be strong without working ?

Harry.

You can judge for yourself. You very often have fine young gentlemen at your father's house, and are any of them as strong as the sons of the farmers in the neighbourhood, that are always used to handle a hoe, a spade, a fork, and other tools ?

Tommy.

Indeed, I believe that is true, for I think I am become stronger myself, since I have learned to divert myself in Mr. Barlow's garden.

As they were conversing in this manner, a little boy came singing along, with a bundle of sticks at his back, and as soon as Harry saw him he recollected him, and cried out, As I am alive here is Jacky Smithers, the little ragged boy that you gave the clothes to in the summer; he lives, I dare say, in the neighbourhood, and either he, or his father, will show you the way home. Harry then spoke to the boy, and asked him if he could show them the way out of the wood. Yes, surely I can, answered the boy, but I never should have thought of seeing Master Merton out so late, in such a tempestuous night as this. But, if you will come with me to my father's cottage, you may warm yourself at our fire, and father will run to Mr. Barlow to let him know you are safe. Tommy accepted the offer with joy, and the little boy led them out of the wood, and in a few minutes they came to a small cottage which stood by the side of the road. When they entered, they saw a middle-aged woman busy in spinning, the

eldest girl was cooking some broth over the fire, the father was sitting in the chimney corner, and reading a book, while three or four ragged children were tumbling upon the floor, and creeping between their legs. Daddy, says the little boy, as he came in, here is Master Merton, that was so good to us all in the summer. He has lost his way in the wood, and is almost perished in the snow. The man upon this arose, and with much civility desired the two little boys to seat themselves by the fire, while the good woman ran to fetch her largest faggot, which she threw upon the fire, and created a cheerful blaze in an instant. There, my dear little Master, said she, you may at least refresh yourself a little by our fire, and I wish I had any thing to offer you that you could eat. But I am afraid you would never be able to bear such coarse brown bread as we poor folks are obliged to eat. Indeed, said Tommy, my good mother, I have fasted so long, and am so hungry, that I think I could eat any thing. Well then, answered the woman, here is a little bit of gammon of bacon, which I will broil for you upon the embers, and if you can make a supper you are heartily welcome.

While the good woman was thus preparing supper, the man had closed his book and placed it with great respect upon a shelf; which gave Tommy the curiosity to ask him what he was reading about. Master, answered the man, I am reading the book which teaches me my duty towards man, and my obligations to God; I was reading the gospel of Jesus Christ, when you came in, and teaching it to my children.

Tommy.

Indeed I have heard of that good book: Mr. Barlow has often read part of it to me, and promised I should read it myself. That is the book they read at church; I

have often heard Mr. Barlow read it to the people; and he always reads it so well and so affectingly, that every body listens, and you may hear even a pin drop upon the pavement.

The Man.

Yes, master, Mr. Barlow is a worthy servant and follower of Jesus Christ himself. He is the friend of all the poor in the neighbourhood. He gives us food and medicines when we are ill; he employs us when we can find no work. But what we are even more obliged to him for, than the giving us food and raiment, and life itself, he instructs us in our duty, makes us ashamed of our faults, and teaches us how we may be happy not only here, but in another world. I was once an idle, abandoned man myself, given up to swearing and drinking, neglecting my family, and taking no thought for my poor wife and children. But since Mr. Barlow has taught me better things, and made me acquainted with this blessed book, my life and manners, I hope, are much amended, and I do my duty better to my poor family. That indeed you do, Robin, answered the woman: there is not now a better and kinder husband in the world: you have not wasted an idle penny or a moment's time, these two years; and without that unfortunate fever, which prevented you from working last harvest, we should have the greatest reason to be all contented. Have we not the greatest reason now, answered the man, to be not only contented, but thankful, for all the blessings we enjoy? It is true, that I and several of the children, were ill this year for many weeks; but did not we all escape, through the blessing of God, and the care of good Mr. Barlow, and this worthy Master Sandford, who brought us victuals so many days, with his own hands, when we otherwise should perhaps

have starved? Have I not had very good employment ever since, and do I not now earn nine shillings a week, which is a very comfortable thing, when many poor wretches as good as I, are starving because they cannot find employment?

Nine shillings a week! nine shillings a week! answered Tommy in amazement; and is that all you and your wife and children have to live on for a whole week?

The Man.

Not all, master; my wife sometimes earns a shilling or eighteen-pence a week by spinning; and our eldest daughter begins to do something that way, but not much.

Tommy.

That makes ten shillings and sixpence a week. Why I have known my mother give more than that, to go to a place where outlandish people sing. I have seen her and other ladies give a man a guinea for dressing their hair. And I knew a little Miss, whose father gives half a guinea a time to a little Frenchman, that teaches her to jump and caper about the room.

Master, replied the man, smiling, these are great gentlefolks that you are talking about; they are very rich, and have a right to do what they please with their own. It is the duty of us poor folks to labour hard, take what we can get, and thank the great and wise God, that our condition is no worse.

Tommy.

What, and is it possible you can thank God for living in such a house as this, and earning ten shillings and sixpence a week?

The Man.

To be sure I can, master. Is it not an act of his goodness, that we have clothes and a warm house to shelter us,

and wholesome food to eat? It was but yesterday that two poor men came by, who had been cast away in a storm, and lost their ship and all they had. One of these poor men had scarcely any clothes to cover him, and was shaking all over with a violent ague, and the other had his toes almost mortified by walking barefooted in the snow. Am I not a great deal better off than these poor men, and perhaps than a thousand others, who are at this time tost about upon the waves, or cast away, or wandering about the world, without a shed to cover them from the weather, or imprisoned for debt? Might I not have gone on in committing bad actions, like many other unhappy men, till I had been guilty of some notorious crime, which might have brought me to a shameful end? And ought I not to be grateful for all these blessings which I possess without deserving them?

Tommy, who had hitherto enjoyed all the good things of this life, without reflecting from whom he had received them, was very much struck with the piety of this honest and contented man; but as he was going to answer, the good woman, who had laid a clean though coarse cloth upon her table, and taken up her savoury supper in an earthen plate, invited them to sit down; an invitation which both the boys obeyed with the greatest pleasure, as they had eaten nothing since the morning. In the mean time the honest man of the house had taken his hat, and walked to Mr. Barlow's to inform him that his two pupils were safe in the neighbourhood. Mr. Barlow had long suffered the greatest uneasiness at their absence, and, not contented with sending after them on every side, was at that very time busy in the pursuit; so that the man met him about half way from his own house. As soon as Mr. Barlow heard the good news, he determined to return with the man,

and reached his house just as Tommy Merton had finished one of the heartiest meals he had ever made. The little boys rose up to meet Mr. Barlow, and thanked him for his kindness, and the pains he had taken to look after them, expressing their concern for the accident which had happened, and the uneasiness which, without designing it, they had occasioned: but he, with the greatest good-nature, advised them to be more cautious for the future, and not to extend their walks so far; then thanking the worthy people of the house, he offered to conduct them; and they all three set out together, in a very cold, but fine and starlight evening. As they went home, he renewed his caution, and told them the dangers they had incurred. Many people, said he, in your situation, have been surprised by an unexpected storm, and losing their way have perished with cold. Sometimes both men and beasts, not being able to discern their accustomed track, have fallen into deep pits filled up and covered with the snow, where they have been found buried several feet deep, and frozen to death. And is it impossible, said Tommy, in such a case to escape? In general it is, said Mr. Barlow; but there have been some extraordinary instances of persons who have lived several days in that condition, and yet been taken out alive; to-morrow you shall read a remarkable story to that purpose.

As they were thus walking on, Tommy looked up at the sky, where all the stars glimmered with unusual brightness, and said, What an innumerable quantity of stars is here; I think I never observed so many before in all my life! Innumerable as they appear to you, said Mr. Barlow, there are persons that have not only counted all you now see, but thousands more which are at present invisible to your eye. How can that be, answered Tommy,

for there is neither beginning nor end? They are scattered so confusedly about the sky, that I should think it as impossible to number them as the flakes of snow that fell to day, while we were in the wood. At this Mr. Barlow smiled, and said, that he believed Harry could give him a different account, although perhaps he could not number them all. Harry, said he, cannot you show your companion some of the constellations? Yes, answered Harry, I believe I remember some, that you have been so good as to teach me. But pray, Sir, said Tommy, what is a constellation? Those, answered Mr. Barlow, that first began to observe the heavens, as you do now, have observed certain stars, remarkable either for their brightness or position. To these they have given a particular name, that they might the more easily know them again, and discourse of them to others; and these particular clusters of stars thus joined together and named, they call constellations But come, Harry, you are a little farmer, and can certainly point out to us Charles's wain. Harry then looked up to the sky, and pointed out seven very bright stars towards the north. You are right, said Mr. Barlow; four of these stars have put the common people in mind of the four wheels of a waggon, and the three others of the horses; therefore they have called them by this name. Now, Tommy, look well at these, and see if you can find any seven stars in the whole sky, that resemble them in their position.

Tommy.

Indeed, Sir, I do not think I can.

Mr. Barlow.

Do you not think, then, that you can find them again?

Tommy.

I will try, Sir;—Now, I will take my eye off, and look another way.—I protest I cannot find them again.—

Oh! I believe there they are—Pray, Sir, (pointing with his finger) is not that Charles's wain?

Mr. Barlow.

You are right; and by remembering these stars, you may very easily observe those which are next to them, and learn their names too; till you are acquainted with the whole face of the heavens.

Tommy.

That is indeed very clever, and very surprising. I will show my mother Charles's wain, the first time I go home: I dare say she has never observed it.

Mr. Barlow.

But look on the two stars which compose the hinder wheel of the waggon, and raise your eye up towards the top of the sky; do you not see a very bright star, that seems to be almost, but not quite, in a line with the two others?

Tommy.

Yes, Sir, I see it plain.

Mr. Barlow.

That is called the pole-star; it never moves from its place; and by looking full at it, you may always find the north.

Tommy.

Then if I turn my face towards that star, I always look to the north.

Mr. Barlow.

You are right

Tommy.

Then I shall turn my back to the south.

Mr. Barlow.

You are right again; and now cannot you find the east and west?

Tommy.

Is it not the east where the sun rises?

Mr. Barlow.

Yes; but there is no sun to direct you now.

Tommy.

Then, Sir, I cannot find it out.

Mr. Barlow.

Do not you know, Harry?

Harry.

I believe, Sir, that, if you turn your face to the north the east will be on the right hand, and the west on the left.

Mr. Barlow.

Perfectly right.

Tommy.

That is very clever indeed; so then, by knowing the pole-star, I can always find north, east, west, and south. But you said that the pole-star never moves; do the other stars, then, move out of their places?

Mr. Barlow.

That is a question you may learn to answer yourself, by observing the present appearance of the heavens, and then examining whether the stars change their places at any future time.

Tommy.

But, Sir, I have thought that it would be a good contrivance, in order to remember their situations, if I were to draw them upon a bit of paper.

Mr. Barlow.

But how would you do that?

Tommy.

I would make a mark upon the paper for every star in Charles's wain, and I would place the marks just as I see

the stars placed in the sky, and I would entreat you to write the names for me, and this I would do till I was acquainted with all the stars in the heavens.

Mr. Barlow.

That would be an excellent way; but you see a paper is flat: is that the form of the sky?

Tommy.

No, the sky seems to rise from the earth on every side like the dome of a great church.

Mr. Barlow.

Then if you were to have some round body, I should think it would correspond to the different parts of the sky, and you might place your stars with more exactness.

Tommy.

That is true, indeed, Sir; I wish I had such a globe.

Mr. Barlow.

Well, just such a globe I will endeavour to procure you.

Tommy.

Sir, I am much obliged to you, indeed. But of what use is it to know the stars?

Mr. Barlow.

Were there no other use, I should think there would be a very great pleasure in observing such a number of glorious, glittering bodies, as are now above us. We sometimes run to see a procession of coaches, or a few people in fine clothes strutting about: we admire a large room that is painted, and ornamented, and gilded; but what is there in all these things to be compared with the sight of these luminous bodies that adorn every part of the sky?

Tommy.

That's true indeed. My Lord Wimpole's great room, that I have heard all the people admire so much, is no more to be compared to it than the shabbiest thing in the world.

Mr. Barlow.

That is indeed true; but there are some, and those very important uses, to be derived from an acquaintance with the stars. Harry, do you tell Master Merton the story of your being lost on the great moor.

Harry.

You must know, Master Tommy, that I have an uncle lives about three miles off, across the great moor, that we have sometimes walked upon. Now my father, as I am in general pretty well acquainted with the roads, very often sends me with messages to my uncle. One evening I came there so late, that it was scarcely possible to get home again before it was quite dark: it was at that time in the month of October. My uncle wished me very much to stay at his house all night, but that was not proper for me to do, because my father had ordered me to come back. So I set out as soon as I possibly could; but just as I had reached the heath, the evening grew extremely dark.

Tommy.

And was not you frightened to find yourself all alone upon such a dismal place?

Harry

No; I knew the worst that could happen would be that I should stay there all night; and, as soon as ever the morning shone, I should have found my way home. But, however, by the time that I had reached the middle of the heath, there came on such a violent tempest of wind, blowing full in my face, accompanied with such a shower, that I found it impossible to continue my way. So I quitted the track, which is never very easy to find, and ran aside to a holly bush that was growing at some distance, in order to seek a little shelter. Here I lay, very conveniently, till the storm was almost over; then I rose, and at-

tempted to continue my way, but unfortunately I missed the track, and lost myself.

Tommy.

That was a very dismal thing indeed.

Harry.

I wandered about a great while, but still to no purpose: I had not a single mark to direct me, because the common is so extensive, and so bare either of trees or houses, that one may walk for miles, and see nothing but heath and furzes. Sometimes I tore my legs in scrambling through great thickets of furze; now and then I plumped into a hole full of water, and should have been drowned if I had not learnt to swim: so that at last, I was going to give it up in despair, when looking on one side, I saw a light at a little distance, which seemed to be a candle and lantern that somebody was carrying across the moor.

Tommy

Did not that give you very great comfort?

You shall hear, answered Harry, smiling. At first I was doubtful whether I should go up to it: but I considered that it was not worth any body's pains to hurt a poor boy like me, and that no person who was out on any ill design, would probably choose to carry a light. So I determined boldly to go up to it and inquire the way.

Tommy.

And did the person with the candle and lantern direct you?

Harry.

I began walking up towards it; when, immediately, the light, which I had first observed on my right hand, moving slowly along by my side, changed its direction, and went directly before me, with about the same degree of swiftness. I thought this very odd, but I still conti-

nued the chase, and, just as I thought I had approached very near, I tumbled into another pit, full of water.

Tommy.

That was unlucky indeed.

Harry.

Well, I scrambled out, and very luckily on the same side with the light, which I began to follow again, but with as little success as ever. I had now wandered many miles about the common; I knew no more where I was, than if I had been set down upon an unknown country: I had no hopes of finding my way home, unless I could reach this wandering light; and, though I could not conceive that the person who carried it, could know of my being so near, he seemed to act, as if he was determined to avoid me. However, I was resolved to make one attempt, and therefore I began to run as fast as I was able, hallooing out at the same time to the person that I thought before me, to entreat him to stop.

Tommy.

And did he?

Harry.

Instead of that, the light which had before been moving along a slow and easy pace, now began to dance along before me, ten times faster than before: so that, instead of overtaking it, I found myself further and further behind. Still, however, I ran on, till I unwarily sunk up to the middle in a large bog, out of which I at last scrambled with very great difficulty. Surprised at this, and not conceiving that any human being could pass over such a bog as this, I determined to pursue it no longer. But now I was wet and weary; the clouds had indeed rolled away, and the moon and stars began to shine; I looked around me, and could discern nothing but a wide, barren coun-

try, without so much as a tree to shelter me, or any animal in sight. I listened, in hopes of hearing a sheep-bell, or the barking of a dog; but nothing met my ear, but the shrill whistling of the wind, which blew so cold and bleak along that open country, that it chilled me to the very heart. In this situation, I stopped a while to consider what I should do, and raising my eyes by accident to the sky, the first object I beheld, was that very constellation of Charles's wain, and above it I discerned the pole-star, glimmering as it were from the very top of heaven. Instantly a thought came into my mind: I considered, that when I had been walking along the road which led towards my uncle's house, I had often observed the pole-star full before me; therefore it occurred to me, that if I turned my back exactly upon it, and went straight forward in a contrary direction, it must lead me towards my father's house. As soon as I had formed this resolution, I began to execute it. I was persuaded I should now escape, and therefore, forgetting my fatigue, I ran along as brisk as if I had but then set out. Nor was I disappointed; for though I could see no tracks, yet taking the greatest care always to go on in that direction, the moon afforded me light enough to avoid the pits and bogs, which are found in various parts of that wild moor; and when I had travelled as I imagined about three miles, I heard the barking of a dog, which gave me double vigour; and going a little further, I came to some inclosures at the skirts of the common, which I knew; so that I then with ease found my way home, after having almost despaired of doing it.

Tommy.

Indeed, then, the knowledge of the pole-star was of very great use to you. I am determined I will make myself acquainted with all the stars in the heavens. But did

you ever find out what that light was, which danced before you in so extraordinary a manner?

Harry.

When I came home my father told me it was what the common people call Jack of the Lantern: and Mr. Barlow has since informed, that these things are only vapours which rise out of the earth, in moist and fenny places, although they have that bright appearance; and therefore told me, that many people, like me, who have taken them for a lighted candle, have followed them, as I did, into bogs and ditches.

Just as Harry had finished his history, they arrived at Mr. Barlow's, and after sitting some time and talking over the accidents of the day, the little boys retired to bed. Mr. Barlow was sitting alone and reading in his parlour, when, to his great surprise, Tommy came running into the room, half undrest, and bawling out, Sir, Sir, I have found it out—they move! they move!—What moves? said Mr. Barlow. Why, Charles's wain moves, answered Tommy. I had a mind to take one peep at the sky before I went to bed, and I see that all the seven stars have moved from their places a great way higher up into the sky. Well, said Mr. Barlow, you are indeed right. You have done a vast deal to-day, and to-morrow we will talk over these things again.

When the morrow came, the little boys went out and returned to a diversion they had been amusing themselves with for several days, the making a prodigious snow-ball. They had begun by making a small globe of snow with their hands, which they turned over and over, till, by continually collecting fresh matter, it grew so large that they were unable to roll it any further. Here, Tommy observed, that their labours must end, for it was impossi-

ble to turn it any longer. No, said Harry, I know a remedy for that: so he ran, and fetched a couple of thick sticks, about five feet long, and giving one of them to Tommy, he took the other himself. He then desired him to put the end of his stick under the mass, while he did the same on his side, and then lifting at the other end, they rolled the heap forward with the greatest ease. Tommy was extremely surprised at this, and said: How can this be? We are not a bit stronger than we were before, and yet now we are able to roll this snow-ball along with ease, which we could not even stir before. That is very true, answered Harry, but it is owing to these sticks. This is the way that the labourers move the largest trees, which, without this contrivance, they would not be able to stir. I am very much surprised at this, said Tommy; I never should have imagined that the sticks would have given us more strength than we had before. Just as he had said this, by a violent effort, both their sticks broke short in the middle. This is no great loss, observed Tommy, for the ends will do just as well as the whole sticks. They then tried to shove the ball again with the truncheons which remained in their hands, but to the new surprise of Tommy, they found they were unable to stir it. This is very curious indeed, said Tommy, I find that only long sticks are of any use. That, said Harry, I could have told you before: but I had a mind you should find it out yourself. The longer the stick is, provided it is sufficiently strong and you can manage it, the more easily will you succeed. This is really very curious, replied Tommy; but I see some of Mr. Barlow's labourers at work a little way off; let us go to them, and desire them to cut us two longer sticks, that we may try their effects. They then went up to the men, who were at work; but here a new subject

of admiration presented itself to Tommy's mind. There was a root of a prodigious oak tree, so large and heavy that half a dozen horses would scarcely have been able to draw it along: besides, it was so tough and knotty, that the sharpest axe could hardly make any impression upon it. This a couple of old men were attempting to cleave in pieces, in order to make billets for Mr. Barlow's fire. Tommy, who thought their strength totally disproportionate to such an undertaking, could not help pitying them, and observing, that certainly Mr. Barlow did not know what they were about, or he would have prevented such poor, weak, old men, from fatiguing themselves about what they never could perform. Do you think so? replied Harry; what would you then say, if you were to see me, little as I am, perform this wonderful task, with the assistance of one of these good people? So he took up a wooden mallet, an instrument which, although much larger, resembles a hammer, and began beating the root, which he did for some time without making the least impression. Tommy, who imagined that for this time his friend Harry was caught, began to smile, and told him that he would break a hundred mallets to pieces before he made the least impression upon the wood. Say you so? answered Harry smiling; then I believe I must try another method: so he stooped down and picked up a small piece of tough iron, about six inches long, which Tommy had not observed before as it lay upon the ground.* The iron was broad at the top, but gradually sloped all the way down, till it came to a perfect edge at bottom. Harry took this up, and with a few blows drove it a little way into the body of the root. The old man and he then struck alternately with their mallets upon the head of the iron, till the root began to gape and crack on every side, and

the iron was totally buried in the wood. There, says Harry, this first wedge has done its business very well, two or three more will finish it. He then took up another larger wedge, and inserting the bottom of it between the wood and the top of the former one, which was now completely buried in the root, began to beat upon it as he had done before. The root now cracked and split on every side of the wedges, till a prodigious cleft appeared quite down to the bottom. Thus did Harry proceed, still continuing his blows, and inserting new and larger wedges, as fast as he had driven the former down, till he had completely effected what he had undertaken, and entirely separated the monstrous mass of wood into two unequal parts. Harry then said, Here is a very large log, but I think you and I can carry it in to mend the fire, and I will show you something else that will surprise you. So he took a pole of about ten feet long, and hung the log upon it by a piece of cord which he found there; then he asked Tommy which end of the pole he chose to carry. Tommy, who thought it would be most convenient to have the weight near him, chose that end of the pole near which the weight was suspended, and put it upon his shoulder; while Harry took the other end. But when Tommy attempted to move, he found that he could hardly bear the pressure; however, as he saw Harry walk briskly away under his share of the load, he determined not to complain. As they were walking along in this manner, Mr. Barlow met them, and seeing poor Tommy labouring under his burden, asked him who had loaded him in that manner. Tommy said it was Harry. Upon this Mr. Barlow smiled and said, Well, Tommy, this is the first time I ever saw your friend Harry attempt to impose upon you, but he is making you carry about three times the weight which he sup-

ports himself. Harry replied, that Tommy had chosen that himself; and that he should directly have informed him of his mistake, but that he had been so surprised at seeing the common effects of a lever, that he wished to teach him some other facts about it: then shifting the ends of the pole, so as to support that part which Tommy had done before, he asked him if he found his shoulder any thing easier than before. Indeed I do, replied Tommy, but I cannot conceive how; for we carry the same weight between us which we did before, and just in the same manner. Not quite in the same manner, answered Mr. Barlow; for, if you observe, the log is a great deal further from your shoulder than from Harry's; by which means he now supports just as much as you did before, and you, on the contrary, as little as he did when I met you. This is very extraordinary, indeed, said Tommy: I find there are a great many things which I did not know, nor even my mamma, nor any of the fine ladies that come to our house. Well, replied Mr. Barlow, if you have acquired so much useful knowledge already, what may you expect to do in a few years more?—He then led Tommy into the house, and showed him a stick of about four feet long, with a scale hung at each end. Now, said he, if you place this stick over the back of a chair, so that it may rest exactly upon the middle, you see the two scales will just balance each other. So if I put into each of them an equal weight, they will still remain suspended. In this method, we weigh every thing which is bought, only for the greater convenience, the beam of the scale, which is the same thing as this stick, is generally hung up to something else by its middle. But let us now move the stick, and see what will be the consequence. Mr. Barlow then pushed the stick along in such a manner, that when

it rested upon the back of the chair, there were three feet of it on one side, and only one on the other. That side which was longest instantly came to the ground as heaviest. You see, said Mr. Barlow, if we would now balance them, we must put a greater weight on the shorter side; so he kept adding weights, till Tommy found that one pound on the longest side would exactly balance three on the shortest; for, as much as the longer side exceeded the shorter in length, so much did the weight, which was hung at that end, require to exceed that on the longest side.

This, said Mr. Barlow, is what they call a lever; and all the sticks that you have been using to-day, are only levers of a different construction. By these short trials, you may conceive the prodigious advantage which they are of to men. For, thus can one man move a weight, which half a dozen would not be able to move with their hands alone. Thus may a little boy, like you, do more than the strongest man could effect, who did not know these secrets. As to that instrument, by which you were so surprised that Harry could cleave so vast a body of wood, it is called a wedge, and is almost equally useful with the lever. The whole force of it consists in its being gradually narrower and narrower, till at last it ends in a thin edge, capable of penetrating the smallest chink. By this we are enabled to overthrow the largest oaks, to cleave their roots almost as hard as iron itself, and even to split the solid rocks. All this, said Tommy, is wonderful indeed; and I need not ask the use of them, because I see it plainly in the experiments I have made to-day. One thing more, added Mr. Barlow, as we are upon this subject, I will show you: so he led him into the yard, to the bottom of his granary, where stood a heavy sack of corn. Now,

said Mr. Barlow, if you are so stout a fellow as you imagine, take up this sack of corn, and carry it up the ladder into the granary. That, replied Tommy laughing, is impossible; and I doubt, Sir, whether you could do it yourself. Well, said Mr. Barlow, we will at least try what is to be done. He then led them up into the granary, and showing them a middle-sized wheel with a handle fixed upon it, desired the little boys to turn it round. They began to turn it with some little difficulty, and Tommy could hardly believe his eyes, when presently after he saw the sack of corn, which he had despaired of moving, mounted up into the granary and safely landed upon the floor. You see, said Mr. Barlow, here is another ingenious contrivance, by which the weakest person may perform the work of the strongest. This is called the wheel and axis. You see this wheel, which is not very large, turns round an axle which goes into it, and is much smaller, and at every turn the rope to which the weight is fixed that you want to move is twisted round the axle. Now, just as much as the breadth of the whole wheel is greater than that of the axle which it turns round, so much greater is the weight, that the person who turns it can move, than he could do without it. Well, said Tommy, I see it is a fine thing indeed to acquire knowledge; for by these means, one not only increases one's understanding, but one's bodily strength. But are there no more, Sir, of these ingenious contrivances? for I should like to understand them all. Yes, answered Mr. Barlow, there are more; and all of them you shall be perfectly acquainted with in time; but for this purpose you should be able to write, and comprehend something of arithmetic.

Tommy.

What is arithmetic, Sir?

Mr. Barlow.

That is not so easy to make you understand at once; I will however try to explain it. Do you see the grains of wheat, which lie scattered in the window?

Tommy.

Yes, Sir.

Mr. Barlow.

Can you count how many there are?

Tommy.

There are just five and twenty of them.

Mr. Barlow.

Very well. Here is another parcel: how many grains are there?

Tommy.

Just fourteen.

Mr. Barlow.

If there are fourteen grains in one heap, and twenty-five in the other, how many grains are there in all; or how many do fourteen and twenty-five make? Tommy was unable to answer, and Mr. Barlow proposed the same question to Harry, who answered that together they made thirty-nine. Again, said Mr. Barlow, I will put the two heaps together, and then how many will there be?

Tommy.

Thirty-nine.

Mr. Barlow.

Now look, I have just taken away nineteen from the number, how many do you think remain?

Tommy.

I will count them.

Mr. Barlow.

And cannot you tell without counting? How many are there, Harry?

Harry.

Twenty, Sir.

Mr. Barlow.

All this is properly the art of arithmetic, which is the same as that of counting, only it is done in a much shorter and easier way, without the trouble of having the things always before you. Thus, for instance, if you wanted to know how many barley-corns were in this sack, you would perhaps be a week in counting the whole number.

Tommy.

Indeed I believe I should.

Mr. Barlow.

If you understood arithmetic you might do it in five minutes.

Tommy.

That is extraordinary indeed; I can hardly conceive it possible.

Mr. Barlow.

A bushel of corn weighs about fifty pounds weight; this sack contains four bushels, so that there are just two hundred pounds weight in all. Now every pound contains sixteen ounces; and sixteen times two hundred make thirty-two hundred ounces. So that you have nothing to do but count the number of grains in a single ounce, and there will be thirty-two hundred times that number in a sack.

I declare this is curious indeed, and I should like to learn arithmetic. Will Harry and you teach me, Sir?

Mr. Barlow.

You know we are always ready to improve you. But, before we leave this subject, I must tell you a little story. There was a gentleman who was extremely fond of beautiful horses, and did not grudge to give the highest prices

for them. One day a horse-courser came to him, and showed him one so handsome, that he thought it superior to all he had ever seen before. He mounted him, and found his paces equally excellent; for though he was full of spirit, he was gentle and tractable as could be wished. So many perfections delighted the gentleman, and he eagerly demanded the price. The horse-courser answered that he would abate nothing of two hundred guineas; the gentleman, although he admired the horse, would not consent to give it, and they were just on the point of parting. As the man was turning his back, the gentleman called out to him, and said, Is there no possible way of our agreeing? for I would give you any thing in reason for such a beautiful creature. Why, replied the dealer, who was a shrewd fellow, and perfectly understood calculation, if you do not like to give me two hundred guineas, will you give me a farthing for the first nail the horse has in his shoe, two farthings for the second, four for the third, and so go doubling throughout the whole twenty-four? for there are no more than twenty-four nails in all his shoes. The gentleman gladly accepted the condition, and ordered the horse to be led away to his stables.

Tommy.

This fellow must have been a very great blockhead, to ask two hundred guineas, and then to take a few farthings for his horse.

Mr. Barlow.

The gentleman was of the same opinion; however, the horse-courser added, I do not mean, Sir, to tie you down to this last proposal, which, upon consideration, you may like as little as the first; all that I require is, that if you are dissatisfied with your bargain, you will promise to pay me down the two hundred guineas which I first asked.

This the gentleman willingly agreed to, and then called his steward to calculate the sum, for he was too much of a gentleman to be able to do it himself. The steward sat down with his pen and ink, and after some time gravely wished his master joy, and asked him in what part of England the estate was situated that he was going to purchase. Are you mad? replied the gentleman; it is not an estate, but a horse, that I have just bargained for, and here is the owner of him, to whom I am going to pay the money. If there is any madness, Sir, replied the steward, it certainly is not on my side; the sum you have ordered me to calculate, comes to just seventeen thousand, four hundred, and seventy-six pounds, besides some shillings and pence; and surely no man in his senses, would give this price for a horse. The gentleman was more surprised than he had ever been before, to hear the assertion of his steward; but, when upon examination he found it more than the truth, he was very glad to compound for his foolish agreement, by giving the horse-courser the two hundred guineas, and dismissing him.

Tommy.

This is quite incredible, that a farthing, just doubled a few times, should amount to such a prodigious sum: however, I am determined to learn arithmetic, that I may not be imposed upon in this manner; for I think a gentleman must look very silly in such a situation.

Thus had Tommy a new employment and diversion for the winter nights, the learning arithmetic. Almost every night did Mr. Barlow, and Harry, and he, amuse themselves with little questions that related to numbers: by which means Tommy became in a short time so expert, that he could add, subtract, multiply, or divide, almost any given sum, with little trouble and great exactness.

Some time after, in one of their walks, they happened to pass through a small town in their way, and saw a crowd of people going into a house, which gave Mr. Barlow the curiosity to inquire the reason. They were told, that there was a wonderful person there, who performed a variety of strange and diverting experiments. Upon Tommy's expressing a great desire to see these curious exhibitions, Mr. Barlow took them both in, and they all seated themselves among the audience. Presently the performer began his exhibitions, which very much diverted Tommy, and surprised the spectators. At length, after a variety of curious tricks upon cards, the conjurer desired them to observe a large bason of water, with the figure of a little swan floating upon the surface. Gentlemen, said the man, I have reserved this curious experiment for the last; because it is the most wonderful of all that I have to show, or that perhaps was ever exhibited to the present hour. You see that swan; it is no more than a little image without either sense or life. If you have any doubt upon the subject, take it up in your hands and examine it. Accordingly, several of the spectators took it up in their hands, and, after having examined it, set it down again upon the water. Now, continued he, this swan, which to you appears totally without sense or motion, is of so extraordinary a nature, that he knows me, his master, and will follow in any direction that I command. Saying this, he took out a little piece of bread, and whistling to his bird, ordered him to come to the side of the bason, and be fed. Immediately, to the great surprise of all the company, the swan turned about, and swam to the side of the bason. The man whistled again, and presently the swan turned himself round, and pursued the hand of his master to the other side of the bason. The spectators could hard-

ly believe their eyes, and some of them got little pieces of bread and held them out, imagining that he would do the same to them. But it was in vain they whistled and presented their bread; the bird remained unmoved upon the water, and obeyed no orders but those of his master. When this exhibition had been repeated over and over again, to the extreme delight and astonishment of all present, the company arose and dispersed, and Mr. Barlow and the little boys pursued their way home.

But Tommy's mind was so engaged with what he had seen, that for several days he could think and talk of nothing else. He would give all that he had in the world, to find out this curious trick, and to be possessed of such a swan. At length, as he was one day talking to Harry upon the subject, Harry told him with a smile that he believed he had found out the method of doing it; and that if he did not mistake, he would the next day show him a swan that would come to be fed as well as the conjurer's. Accordingly, Harry moulded a bit of wax into the shape of a swan, and placed it upon a bason of water. He then presented to it a piece of bread, and, to the inexpressible delight of Tommy, the swan pursued the bread just as he had seen before. After he had several times diverted himself with this experiment, he wanted to be informed of the composition of this wonderful swan. Harry, therefore, showed him, within the body of the bird, a large needle, which lay across it from one end to the other. In the bread with which the swan was fed, he also showed him concealed a small bar of iron. Tommy could not comprehend all this, although he saw it before his eyes. But Mr. Barlow, who was present, taking up the bar of iron, and putting down several needles upon the table, Tommy was infinitely surprised to see the needles all jump up, one after

another, at the approach of the bar, and shoot towards it as if they had been possessed of life and sense. They then all hung about the bar so firmly, that, though it was lifted into the air, they all remained suspended, nor ever quitted their hold. Mr. Barlow then placed a key upon the table, and putting the iron near it, the key attached itself as firmly to the bar as the needles had done before. All this appeared so surprising to Tommy, that he begged an explanation of it from Mr. Barlow. That gentleman told him, that there was a stone often found in iron-mines that was called the load-stone. This stone is naturally possessed of the surprising power of drawing to itself all pieces of iron that are not too large, nor placed at too great a distance. But what is equally extraordinary is, that iron itself, after having been rubbed upon the load-stone, acquires the same virtue as the stone itself, of attracting other iron. For this purpose, they take small bars of iron, and rub them carefully upon the load-stone; and when they have acquired this extraordinary power, they call them magnets. When Harry had seen the exhibition of the swan, upon revolving it over in his mind, he began to suspect that it was performed entirely by the power of magnetism. Upon his talking to me about the affair, I confirmed him in his opinion, and furnished him with a small magnet to put into the bread, and a large needle to conceal in the body of the bird. So this is the explanation of the feat, which so much puzzled you a few days past. Mr. Barlow had scarcely done speaking, when Tommy observed another curious property of the swan, which he had not found out before. This bird, when left to itself, constantly rested in one particular direction; and that direction was full north and south. Tommy inquired the reason of this, and Mr. Barlow gave him this additional

explanation. The persons that first discovered the wonderful powers of the load-stone in communicating its virtues to iron, diverted themselves, as we do now, in touching needles and small pieces of iron, which they made to float upon water, and attracted them about with other pieces of iron. But it was not long before they found out, as you do now, another surprising property of this wonderful stone. They observed, that when a needle had once been touched by the load-stone, if it was left to float upon the water without restraint, it would invariably turn itself towards the north. In a short time, they improved the discovery further, and contrived to suspend the middle of the needle upon a point, so loosely that it could move about in every direction. This they covered with a glass-case, and by this means they always had it in their power to find out all the quarters of the heavens and earth.

Tommy.

Was this discovery of any great use?

Mr. Barlow.

Before this time, they had no other method of finding their way along the sea, but by observing the stars. They knew by experience, in what parts of the sky certain stars appeared at every season of the year, and this enabled them to discover East, West, North, and South. But when they set out from their own country by sea, they knew in which direction the place was situated, which they were going to. If it lay to the East, they had only to keep the head of the ship turned full to that quarter of the heavens, and they would arrive at the place they were going to; and this they were enabled to do by observing the stars. But frequently the weather was thick, and the stars no longer appeared; and then they were left to wander about the pathless ocean without the smallest track to guide them in their course.

Tommy.

Poor people, they must be in a dreadful situation indeed, tost about on such an immense place as the sea, in the middle of a dark night, and not able even to guess at their situation.

Mr. Barlow.

For this reason they seldom dared to venture out of sight of shore, for fear of losing their way: by which means, all their voyages were long and tedious ; for they were obliged to make them several times as long as they would have done, could they have taken the straight and nearest way. But soon after the discovery of this admirable property of the load-stone, they found that the needle which had been thus prepared, was capable of showing them the different points of the heavens even in the darkest night. This enabled them to sail with greater security, and to venture boldly upon the immense ocean, which they had always feared before.

And now the time arrived, when Tommy was by appointment to go home and spend some time with his parents. Mr. Barlow had been long afraid of this visit, as he knew he would meet a great deal of company there, who would give him impressions of a very different nature from what he had with so much assiduity been labouring to excite. However the visit was unavoidable, and Mr. Merton sent so pressing an invitation for Harry to accompany his friend, after having obtained the consent of his father, that Mr. Barlow, with much regret, took leave of both his pupils. Harry, from the experience he had formerly acquired of polite life, had no great inclination for the expedition; however, his temper was too easy and obliging to raise any objections, and the real affection he now entertained

for Master Merton, rendered him less averse than he would otherwise have been. When they arrived at Mr. Merton's, they were introduced into a crowded drawing-room, full of the most elegant company which that part of the country afforded; among whom were several young gentlemen and ladies of different ages, who had been purposely invited to spend their holidays with Master Merton. As soon as Master Merton entered, every tongue was let loose in his praise; he was grown, he was improved, he was such a charming boy; his eyes, his hair, his teeth, his every feature was the admiration of all the ladies. Thrice did he make the circle in order to receive the congratulations of the company and to be introduced to the young ladies. As to Harry, he had the good fortune to be taken notice of by nobody except Mr. Merton, who received him with great cordiality. A lady, however, that sat by Mrs. Merton, asked her in a whisper, which was loud enough to be heard all over the room, whether that was the little plough-boy which she had heard Mr. Barlow was attempting to breed up like a gentleman. Mrs. Merton answered it was. I protest, said the lady, I should have thought so by his plebeian look and vulgar air. But I wonder, my dear madam, that you will suffer your son, who, without flattery, is one of the most accomplished children I ever saw in my life, with quite the air of fashion, to keep such company. Are you not afraid that Master Merton should insensibly contract bad habits and a grovelling way of thinking? For my own part, as I think a good education is a thing of the utmost consequence in life, I have spared no pains to give my dear Matilda every possible advantage. Indeed, replied Mrs. Merton, one may see the excellence of her education in every thing that Miss Matilda does. She plays most divinely upon the

harpsichord, talks French even better than she does English, and draws in the style of a master. Indeed, I think that last figure of the naked gladiator the finest thing I ever saw in my life.

While this conversation was going on in one part of the room, a young lady observing that nobody seemed to take the least notice of Harry, advanced towards him with the greatest affability, and began to enter into conversation with him. This young lady's name was Simmons: her father and mother had been two of the most respectable people in the country, according to the old style of English gentry; but having died while she was young, the care of her had devolved upon an uncle, who was a man of sense and benevolence, but a very great humourist. This gentleman had such peculiar ideas of female character, that he waged war with most of the polite and modern accomplishments. As one of the first blessings of life, according to his notions, was health, he endeavoured to prevent that sickly delicacy, which is considered as so great an ornament in fashionable life, by a more robust and hardy education. His niece was accustomed from her earliest years to plunge into the cold bath at every season of the year, to rise by candle-light in the winter, to ride a dozen miles upon a trotting-horse, or to walk as many even with the hazard of being splashed or soiling her clothes. By this mode of education Miss Sukey, for so she had the misfortune to be named, acquired an excellent character, accompanied however with some dispositions, which disqualified her almost as much as Harry, for fashionable life. She was acquainted with all the best authors in our own language, nor was she ignorant of those in French; although she could not speak a word of the language. Her uncle, who was a man of sense and knowledge, had

besides instructed her in several parts of knowledge, which rarely fall to the lot of ladies; such as the established laws of nature, and a small degree of geometry. She was, besides, brought up to every species of household employment, which is now exploded by ladies in every rank and station, as mean and vulgar; and taught to believe that domestic economy is a point of the utmost consequence to every woman who intends to be a wife or mother. As to music, though Miss Simmons had a very agreeable voice, and could sing several simple songs in a very pleasing manner, she was entirely ignorant of it; her uncle used to say, that human life is not long enough, to throw away so much time upon the science of making a noise.

Such had been the education of Miss Simmons, who was the only one of all the genteel company at Mr. Merton's, that thought Harry deserving the least attention. This young lady, who possessed an uncommon degree of natural benevolence of character, came up to him, and addressed him in such a manner as set him perfectly at his ease. Harry was destitute of the artificial graces of society; but he possessed that natural politeness and good-nature, without which all artificial graces are the most disgusting things in the world. Harry had an understanding naturally strong; and Mr. Barlow, while he had with the greatest care preserved him from all false impressions, had taken great pleasure in cultivating the faculties of his mind. Harry indeed never said any of those brilliant things which render a boy the darling of the ladies; he had not that vivacity, or rather impertinence, which frequently passes for wit with superficial people: but he paid the greatest attention to what was said to him, and made the most judicious observations upon subjects he understood. For this reason, Miss Simmons, although much

older, and more improved, received great satisfaction from conversing with him, and thought little Harry infinitely more agreeable and judicious than any of the smart young gentlemen she had hitherto seen at Mr. Merton's.

But now the company was summoned to the important business of dinner. Harry could not help sighing, when he reflected upon what he had to undergo; however, he determined to bear it with all imaginable fortitude, for the sake of his friend Tommy. The dinner indeed was, if possible, more dreadful than any thing he had before undergone; so many fine gentlemen and fine ladies; so many powdered servants to stand behind their chairs; such an apparatus of dishes that Harry had never tasted before, and that almost made him sick when he did taste; so many removes; such pomp and solemnity about what seemed the easiest thing in the world; that Harry could not help envying the condition of his father's labourers, who when they are hungry, can sit at their ease under a hedge, and make a dinner without plates, table-cloths, or compliments. In the mean time his friend Tommy was received amid the circle of the ladies, and attended to as a prodigy of wit and ingenuity. Harry could not help being surprised at this; his affection for his friend was totally unmixed with the meanness of jealousy, and he received the sincerest pleasure from every improvement which Tommy had made; however, he had never discovered in him any of those surprising talents, and when he could catch any thing that Tommy said, it appeared to him rather inferior to his usual method of conversation: however, as so many fine ladies were of a different opinion, he took it for granted that he must be mistaken. But if Harry's opinion of his friend's abilities was not much improved

by this exhibition, it was not so with Tommy. The repeated assurances which he received that he was indeed a little prodigy, began to convince him that he really was so. When he considered the company he came from, he found that infinite injustice had been done to his merit; for at Mr. Barlow's he was frequently contradicted, and obliged to give a reason for what he said; but here in order to be admired, he had nothing to do but talk; whether he had any meaning or not, his auditors always found either wit, or sense, or a most entertaining sprightliness in all he said. Nor was Mrs. Merton herself deficient in bestowing marks of admiration upon her son. To see him before improve in health, in understanding, in virtue, had given her a pleasurable sensation, for she was by no means destitute of good dispositions; but to see him shine with such transcendant brightness, before such excellent judges, and in so polite a company, inspired her with raptures she had never felt before. Indeed, in consequence of this success, the young gentleman's volubility improved so much, that before the dinner was over, he seemed disposed to engross the whole conversation to himself; and Mr. Merton, who did not quite relish the sallies of his son so much as his wife, was once or twice obliged to interpose and check him in his career. This Mrs. Merton thought very hard, and all the ladies, after they had retired into the drawing-room, agreed, that his father would certainly spoil his temper by such improper contradiction. As to little Harry, he had not the good fortune to please the greater number of the ladies; they observed that he was awkward and ungenteel, and had a heavy clownish look; he was also silent and reserved, and had not said a single agreeable thing: if Mr. Barlow chose to keep a school for carters and threshers, nobody would hinder

him; but it was not proper to introduce such vulgar people to the sons of persons of fashion. It was therefore agreed, that Mr. Barlow ought either to send little Harry home to his friends, or to be no more honoured with the company of Master Merton. Indeed, one of the ladies hinted that Mr. Barlow himself was but an odd kind of man, that never went to assemblies, and played upon no kind of instrument. Why, answered Mrs. Merton, to tell the truth, I was not over fond of the scheme: Mr. Barlow, to be sure, though a very good, is a very odd kind of man; however, as he is so disinterested, and would never receive the least present from us, I doubt whether we could with propriety insist upon his turning little Sandford out of the house. If that is the case, Madam, answered Mrs. Compton, for that was the name of the lady, I think it would be infinitely better to remove Master Merton, and place him in some polite seminary; where he might acquire a knowledge of the world, and make genteel connexions. This will be always the greatest advantage to a young gentleman, and will prove of the most essential service to him in life. For though a person has all the merit in the world, without such acquaintance it never will push him forward, or enable him to make a figure. This is the plan which I have always pursued with Augustus and Matilda, I think I may say, not entirely without success; for they have both the good fortune to have formed the most brilliant acquaintances. As to Augustus, he is so intimate with young Lord Squander, who you know is possessed of the greatest parliamentary interest, that I think his fortune is as good as made. Miss Simmons, who was present at this refined and wise conversation, could not help looking with so much significance at this mention of Lord Squander, that Mrs. Compton coloured a little,

and asked with some warmth, whether she knew any thing of that young nobleman. Why, Madam, answered the young lady, what I know is very little; but if you desire me to inform you, it is my duty to speak the truth. Oh! to be sure, Miss, replied Mrs. Compton, a little angrily; we all know that your judgment and knowledge of the world are superior to what any body else can boast; and therefore, I shall be infinitely obliged to you for any information you may be pleased to give. Indeed, Madam, answered the young lady, I have very little of either to boast, nor am I personally acquainted with the nobleman you are talking of; but I have a cousin, a very good boy, that is at the same public school with his lordship, who has given me such a character of him as does not much prepossess me in his favour.—And what may this wise cousin of yours have said of his lordship?—Only, madam, that he is one of the worst boys in the whole school. That he has neither genius, nor application for any thing that becomes his rank and situation. That he has no taste for any thing but gaming, horse-racing, and the most contemptible amusements. That though his allowance is so large, he is eternally running in debt with every body that will trust him; and that he has broken his word so often, that nobody has the least confidence in what he says. Added to this, I have heard that he is so haughty, tyrannical, and overbearing, that nobody can long preserve his friendship, without the meanest flattery and subservience to all his vicious inclinations. And to finish all, that he is of so ungrateful a temper, that he was never known to do an act of kindness to any one, or to care about any thing but himself.—Here Miss Matilda could not help interposing with warmth: she said that his lordship had nothing in his character or manners that did not perfectly become

a nobleman of the most elevated soul. Little grovelling minds, indeed, which are always envious of their superiors, might give a disagreeable turn to the generous openness of this young nobleman's temper. That as to gaming and running in debt, they were so essential to a man of fashion, that nobody who was not born in the city, and oppressed by city prejudices, would think of making the least objection to them. She then made a panegyric upon his lordship's person, his elegant taste and dress, his new phaeton, his entertaining conversation, his extraordinary performance upon the violin, and concluded that, with such abilities and accomplishments, she did not doubt of one day seeing him at the head of the nation. Miss Simmons had no desire of pushing the conversation any further, and the rest of the company coming in to tea, the disquisition about Lord Squander finished. After tea, several of the young ladies were desired to amuse the company with music and singing: among the rest, Miss Simmons sang a little Scotch song, called Lochabar, in so artless, but sweet and pathetic a manner, that little Harry listened almost with tears in his eyes, though several of the other young ladies, by their significant looks and gestures, treated it with ineffable contempt. After this, Miss Matilda, who was allowed to be a perfect mistress of music, played and sang several celebrated Italian airs. But as they were in a language totally unintelligible to him, Harry received very little pleasure, though all the rest of the company were in raptures. She then proceeded to play several pieces of music, which were allowed by all connoisseurs to require infinite skill to execute. The audience seemed all delighted, and either felt, or pretended to feel, inexpressible pleasure; even Tommy himself, though he did not know one note from another, had caught

so much of the general enthusiasm, that he applauded as loud as the rest of the company: but Harry, whose temper was not quite so pliable, could not conceal the intolerable weariness that overpowered his senses during this long exhibition. He gaped, he yawned, he stretched, he even pinched himself, in order to keep his attention alive, but all in vain; the more Miss Matilda exercised her skill in playing pieces of the most difficult execution, the more did Harry's propensity to drowsiness increase. At length, the lateness of the hour, which much exceeded Harry's time of going to bed, conspiring with the opiate charms of music, he could resist no longer, but insensibly fell back upon his chair, fast asleep. This unfortunate accident was soon remarked by the rest of the company, and confirmed them very much in the opinion they had conceived of Harry's vulgarity; while he, in the mean time, enjoyed the most placid slumber, which was not dissipated till Miss Matilda had desisted from playing.

Thus was the first day passed at Mr. Merton's, very little to the satisfaction of Harry; the next, and the next after, was only a repetition of the same scene. The little gentry, whose tastes and manners were totally different from his, had now imbibed a perfect contempt for Harry, and it was with great difficulty that they would condescend to treat him even with common civility. In this laudable behaviour they were very much confirmed by Master Compton and Master Mash. Master Compton was reckoned a very genteel boy, though all his gentility consisted in a pair of buckles so big that they almost crippled him, in a slender, emaciated figure, and a look of consummate impudence. He had almost finished his education at a public school, where he had learned every vice and folly which is commonly taught at such places, without the least im-

provement either of his character or his understanding. Master Mash was the son of a neighbouring gentleman, who had considerably impaired his fortune by an inordinate love of horse-racing. Having been from his infancy accustomed to no other conversation than about winning and losing money, he had acquired the idea that to bet successfully was the summit of all human ambition. He had been almost brought up in the stable, and therefore had imbibed the greatest interest about horses; not from any real affection for that noble animal, but merely because he considered them as engines for the winning of money. He too was now improving his talents by a public education, and longed impatiently for the time when he should be set free from all restraint, and allowed to display the superiority of his genius at Ascot and Newmarket. These two young gentlemen had conceived the most violent dislike to Harry, and lost no occasion of saying or doing every thing they had in their power to mortify him. To Tommy they were in the contrary extreme, and omitted no opportunity of rendering themselves agreeable. Nor was it long before their forward, vivacious manners, accompanied with a knowledge of many of those gay scenes which acted forcibly upon Tommy's imagination, began to render their conversation highly agreeable. They talked to him about public diversions, about celebrated actresses, about parties of pleasure, and parties of mischief. Tommy began to feel himself introduced to a new train of ideas, and a wider range of conduct; he began to long for the time when he should share in the glories of robbing orchards, or insulting passengers, with impunity; but when he heard that little boys, scarcely bigger than himself, had often joined in the glorious prospect of forming open rebellions against their masters, or of disturbing a whole au-

dience at a play-house, he panted for the time when he might have a chance of sharing in the fame of such achievements. By degrees he lost all regard for Mr. Barlow, and all affection for his friend Harry: at first, indeed, he was shocked at hearing Mr. Barlow mentioned with disrespect; but, becoming by degrees more callous to every good impression, he at last took infinite pleasure in seeing Master Mash, who though destitute of either wit or genius, had a great taste for mimicry, take off the parson in the middle of his sermon. Harry perceived and lamented this change in the manners of his friend; he sometimes took the liberty of remonstrating with him upon the subject, but was only answered with a contemptuous sneer; and Master Mash who happened once to be present, told him that he was a monstrous bore.

It happened that while Harry was at Mr. Merton's, there was a troop of strolling players at a neighbouring town. In order to divert the young gentry Mr. Merton contrived that they should make a party to see a play. They went accordingly, and Harry with the rest. Tommy, who now no longer condescended to take any notice of his friend, was seated between his two inseparable companions. These young gentlemen first began to give specimens of their politeness by throwing nuts and orange peel upon the stage, and Tommy, who was resolved to profit by such excellent example, threw nuts and orange peel with infinite satisfaction. As soon as the curtain drew up, and the actors appeared, all the rest of the audience observed a decent silence; but Mash and Compton, who were now determined to prove the superiority of their manners, began to talk so loud, and make so much noise, that it was impossible for any one near them to hear a word of the play. This also seemed amazingly

fine to Tommy; and he too talked and laughed as loud as the rest. The subject of their conversation was the audience and the performers! neither of which these polite young gentlemen found bearable. The company was chiefly composed of the tradesmen of the town, and the inhabitants of the neighbouring country: this was a sufficient reason for these refined young gentlemen to speak of them with the most insufferable contempt. Every circumstance of their dress and appearance was criticised with such a minuteness of attention, that Harry, who sat near, and very much against his inclination, was witness to all that passed, began to imagine that his companions, instead of being brought up like the sons of gentlemen, had only studied under barbers and tailors; such amazing knowledge did they display in the history of buckles, buttons, and dressing of hair. As to the poor performers, they found them totally undeserving mercy; they were so shockingly awkward, so ill drest, so low-lived, and such detestable creatures, that it was impossible to bear them with any patience. Master Mash, who prided himself upon being a young gentleman of great spirit, was of opinion that they should kick up a riot and demolish all the scenery. Tommy, indeed, did not very well understand what the expression meant, but he was so intimately persuaded of the merit and genius of his companions, that he agreed that it would be the properest thing in the world, and the proposal was accordingly made to the rest of the young gentlemen. But Harry, who had been silent all the time, could not help remonstrating at what appeared to him the greatest cruelty and injustice. These poor people, said he, are doing all they can to entertain us; is it not very unkind to treat them in return with scorn and contempt? If they could act better, even as

well as those fine people you talk of in London, would they not willingly do it: and therefore why should we be angry at them for what they cannot help? And as to cutting the scenes to pieces, or doing the house any damage, have we any more right to attempt it, than they would have to come into your father's dining-room and break the dishes to pieces, because they did not like the dinner?—While we are here let us behave with good manners; and if we do not like their acting, it is our own faults if ever we come to see them again. This method of reasoning was not much relished by those to whom it was addressed, and it is uncertain how far they might have proceeded, had not a decent, plain looking man, who had been long disturbed with the noise of these young gentry, at length taken the liberty of expostulating with them upon the subject. This freedom, or impertinence, as it was termed by Master Mash, was answered by him with so much rudeness, that the man, who was a neighbouring farmer, was obliged to reply in a higher strain. Thus did the altercation increase every minute, till Master Mash, who thought it an unpardonable affront that any one in an inferior station should presume to think or feel for himself, so far lost all command of his temper as to call the man a blackguard, and strike him upon the face. But the farmer, who possessed great strength and equal resolution, very deliberately laid hold of the young gentleman who had offered him the insult, and without the smallest exertion, laid him sprawling upon the ground, at his full length, under the benches, and setting his feet upon his body, told him that since he did not know how to sit quiet at a play, he would have the honour of teaching him to lie; and that if he offered to stir, he would trample him to pieces; a threat which was very evident

he could find no difficulty in executing. This unexpected incident struck an universal damp over the spirits of the little gentry; and even Master Mash himself so far forgot his dignity, as to supplicate in a very submissive manner for a release: in this he was joined by all his companions, and Harry among the rest. Well, said the farmer, I should never have thought that a parcel of young gentlemen, as you call yourselves, would come into public to behave with so much rudeness; I am sure that there is ne'er a ploughboy at my house, but what would have shown more sense and manners: but since you are sorry for what has happened, I am very willing to make an end of the affair; more especially for the sake of this little master here, who has behaved with so much propriety, that I am sure he is a better gentleman than any of you, though he is not dressed so much like a monkey or a barber. With these words he suffered the crest-fallen Mash to rise, who crept from his place of confinement, with looks infinitely more expressive of mildness than he had brought with him: nor was the lesson lost upon the rest, for they behaved with the greatest decency during all the rest of the exhibition. However, Master Mash's courage began to rise as he went home, and found himself further from his formidable farmer; for he assured his companions, that if it had not been so vulgar a fellow, he would certainly call him out and pistol him.

The next day at dinner, Mr. Merton, and the ladies who had not accompanied the young gentlemen to the play, nor had yet heard of the misfortune which had ensued, were very inquisitive about the preceding night's entertainment. The young people agreed that the performers were detestable, but that the play was a charming piece, full of wit and sentiment, and extremely improv-

ing: this play was called The Marriage of Figaro, and Master Compton had informed them, that it was amazingly admired by all the people of fashion in London. But Mr. Merton, who had observed that Harry was totally silent, at length insisted upon knowing his opinion upon the subject. Why, Sir, answered Harry, I am not an able judge of these matters, for I never saw a play before in my life, and therefore I cannot tell whether it was acted well or ill; but as to the play itself, it seemed to me to be full of nothing but cheating and dissimulation, and the people that come in and out, do nothing but impose upon each other, and lie, and trick, and deceive. Were you or any gentleman to have such a parcel of servants, you would think them fit for nothing in the world; and therefore I could not help wondering, while the play was acting, that people would throw away so much of their time upon sights that can do them no good; and send their children and their relations to learn fraud and insincerity. Mr. Merton smiled at the honest bluntness of Harry; but several of the ladies, who had just been expressing an extravagant admiration of this piece, seemed to be not a little mortified; however, as they could not contradict the charges which Harry had brought against it, they thought it more prudent to be silent.

In the evening, it was proposed that all the little gentry should divert themselves with cards; and they accordingly sat down to a game which is called Commerce. But Harry, who was totally ignorant of this accomplishment, desired to be excused; however, his friend Miss Simmons offered to teach him the game, which she assured him was so easy, that in three minutes he would be able to play as well as the rest. Harry, however, still continued to refuse, and at length confessed to Miss Simmons, that he

had expended all his money the day before, and therefore was unable to furnish the stake which the rest deposited. Don't let that disturb you, said she, I will put down for you with a great deal of pleasure. Madam, answered Harry, I am very much obliged to you, I am sure; but Mr. Barlow has always forbidden me either to receive or borrow money of any body, for fear in the one case I should become mercenary, or in the other, dishonest; and therefore, though there is nobody here, whom I esteem more than yourself, I am obliged to refuse your offer. Well, replied Miss Simmons, that need not disturb you, for you shall play upon my account; and that you may do without any violation of your principles. Thus was Harry, though with some reluctance, induced to sit down to cards with the rest. The game, indeed, he found no difficulty in learning, but he could not help remarking with wonder, the extreme solicitude which appeared in the face of all the players at every change of fortune. Even the young ladies, all but Miss Simmons, seemed to be equally sensible of the passion of gaining money with the rest; and some of them behaved with a degree of asperity which quite astonished him. After several changes of fortune, it happened that Miss Simmons and Harry were the only remaining players; all the rest, by the laws of the game, had forfeited all pretensions to the stake, the property of which was clearly vested in these two, and one more deal was wanting to decide it. But Harry with great politeness rose from table, and told Miss Simmons, that as he had only played upon her account, he was now no longer wanted, and that the whole undoubtedly belonged to her. Miss Simmons refused to take it, and when she found that Harry was not to be induced to play any more, she at last proposed to him to

divide what was left. This also Harry declined, alledging that he had not the least title to any part. But Miss Simmons, who began to be uneasy at the observation which this extraordinary contest produced, told Harry that he would very much oblige her by taking his share of the money, and laying it out in any manner for her that he judged best. Upon this condition, answered Harry, I will take it; and I think I know a method of laying it out, which you will not entirely disapprove.

The next day, as soon as breakfast was over, Harry disappeared; nor was he come back when the company were assembled at dinner. At length he came in with a glow of health and exercise upon his face, and that disorder of dress which is produced by a long expedition. The young ladies eyed him with great contempt, which seemed a little to disconcert him; but Mr. Merton speaking to him with great good-humour, and making room for him to sit down, Harry soon recovered from his confusion. In the evening, after a long conversation among the young people about public diversions, and plays, and dances, and actors, they happened to mention the name of a celebrated performer, who at this time engaged the whole attention of the town. Master Compton, after expatiating with great enthusiasm upon the subject, added, that nothing was so fashionable as to make great presents to this person, in order to show the taste and elegance of the giver. He then proposed, that as so many young gentlemen and ladies were here assembled, they should set an example which would do them infinite honour, and probably be followed throughout the kingdom, of making a little collection among themselves to buy a piece of plate, or a gold snuff-box, or some other trifle, to be presented in their name. He added, that though he could ill spare

the money, having just laid out six guineas upon a new pair of buckles, he would contribute a guinea to so excellent a purpose, and that Master Mash and Master Merton would do the same. This proposal was universally approved of by all the company; and all, but Harry, promised to contribute in proportion to their finances. This Master Mash observing, said, Well, farmer, and what will you subscribe? Harry answered, that upon this occasion he must beg to be excused, for he had nothing to give. Here is a pretty fellow! answered Mash; last night we saw him pouch thirty shillings of our money, which he cheated us out of at Commerce, and now the little stingy wretch will not contribute half-a-crown, where we are giving away whole guineas. Upon this, Miss Matilda said, in an ironical manner, that Master Harry had always an excellent reason to give for his conduct; and she did not doubt but he could prove to all their satisfaction, that it was more liberal to keep his money in his pocket than to give it away. Harry, who was a little nettled at these reflections, answered, that though he was not bound to give any reason, he thought he had a very good one to give; and that was, that he saw no generosity in thus bestowing money. According to your own account, added he, the person you have been talking of, gains more than fifty poor families have in the country to maintain themselves; and therefore, if I had any money to give away, I should certainly give it to those that want it most. With these words, Harry went out of the room, and the rest of the gentry, after abusing him very liberally, sat down to cards. But Miss Simmons, who imagined that there was more in Harry's conduct than he had explained, excused herself from cards, and took an opportunity of talking to him upon the subject. After speaking to him with great

good-nature, she asked him, whether it might not have been better to have contributed something along with the rest, than to have offended them by so free an exposition of his sentiments; even though he did not entirely approve of the scheme. Indeed, madam, said Harry, that is what I would gladly have done, but it was totally out of my power. How can that be, Harry; did you not win the other night nearly thirty shillings? That, Madam, all belonged to you; and I have already disposed of it in your name, in a manner that I hope you will not disapprove. How is that, answered the young lady with some surprise! Madam, said Harry, there was a young woman that lived with my father as a servant, and always behaved with the greatest honesty and carefulness. This young woman had an aged father and mother, who for a great while were able to maintain themselves by their own labour; but at last the poor old man became too weak to do a day's work, and his wife was afflicted with a disease they call the palsy. Now, when this good young woman saw that her parents were in such great distress, she left her place and went to live with them, on purpose to take care of them; and she works very hard, whenever she can get work, and fares very hard, in order to maintain her parents; and though we assist them all we can, I know that sometimes they can hardly get food and clothes. Therefore, Madam, as you were so kind as to say, that I should dispose of this money for you, I ran over this morning to these poor people, and gave them all the money in your name: and I hope you will not be displeased at the use I have put it to. Indeed, answered the young lady, I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you have of me; and the application of it does me a great deal of honour: I am only sorry you did not give it in your own name.

That, replied Harry, I had not any right to do; it would have been attributing to myself what did not belong to me, and equally inconsistent with truth and honesty.

In this manner did the time pass away at Mr. Merton's, while Harry received very little satisfaction from his visit, except in conversing with Miss Simmons. The affability and good sense of this young lady had entirely gained his confidence. While all the other young ladies were continually intent upon displaying their talents and importance, she alone was simple and unaffected. But what disgusted Harry more than ever was, that his refined companions seemed to consider themselves, and a few of their acquaintance, as the only beings of any consequence in the world. The most trifling inconvenience, the being a little too hot, a little too cold, the walking a few hundred yards, the waiting a few minutes for their dinner, the having a trifling cold or a little head-ach, were misfortunes so feelingly lamented, that he would have imagined they were the most tender of the human species, had he not observed that they considered the sufferings of all below them with a profound indifference. If the misfortunes of the poor were mentioned, he heard of nothing but the insolence and ingratitude of that class of people, which seemed to be a sufficient excuse for the want of common humanity. Surely, said Harry to himself, there cannot be so much difference between one human being and another; or if there is, I should think that part of them the most valuable, which cultivates the ground and provides necessaries for all the rest: not those who understand nothing but dress, walking with their toes out, staring modest people out of countenance, and jabbering a few words of a foreign language.

But now the attention of all the younger part of the

company was fixed upon making preparations for a ball; which Mrs. Merton had determined to give in honour of Master Tommy's return. The whole house was now full of milliners, mantua-makers, and dancing masters. All the young ladies were employed in giving directions about their clothes, or in practising the steps of different dances. Harry now, for the first time, began to comprehend the infinite importance of dress. Even the elderly ladies seemed to be as much interested about the affair as their daughters; and instead of the lessons of conduct and wisdom which he expected to hear, nothing seemed to employ their attention a moment, but French trimmings, gauzes, and Italian flowers. Miss Simmons alone appeared to consider the approaching solemnity with perfect indifference. Harry had never heard a single word drop from her that expressed either interest or impatience; but he had for some days observed her employed in her room, with more than common assiduity. At length, upon the very day that was destined for this important exhibition, she came to him with a benevolent smile, and spoke to him thus: I was so much pleased with the account you gave me the other day, of that poor young woman's duty and affection towards her parents, that I have for some time employed myself in preparing for them a little present, which I shall be obliged to you, Master Harry, to convey to them. I have unfortunately never learned either to embroider or to paint artificial flowers; but my good uncle has taught me, that the best employment I can make of my hands is to assist those that cannot assist themselves. Saying this, she put into his hands a parcel that contained some linen and other necessaries for the poor old people; and bade him tell them not to forget to call upon her uncle, when she was returned home; as he was always happy to assist the deserving

and industrious poor. Harry received her present with gratitude, and almost with tears of joy; and looking up in her face imagined that he saw the features of one of those angels which he had read of in the Scriptures: so much does real, disinterested benevolence improve the expression of the human countenance.

But all the rest of the young gentry were employed in cares of a very different nature, the dressing their hair, and adorning their persons. Tommy himself had now completely resumed his natural character, and thrown aside all that he had learned during his residence with Mr. Barlow. He had contracted an infinite fondness for all those scenes of dissipation which his new friends daily described to him, and began to be convinced that one of the most important things in life is a fashionable dress. In this most rational sentiment he had been confirmed by almost all the young ladies, with whom he had conversed since his return home.

And now the important evening approached; the largest room in the house was lighted up for the dancers, and all the little company assembled. Tommy was that day dressed in an unusual style of elegance; and had submitted without murmuring to be under the hands of a hair-dresser for two hours. But what gave him the greatest satisfaction of all, was an immense pair of new buckles, which Mrs. Merton had sent for on purpose to grace the person of her son. Several minuets were danced, to the great admiration of the company; and among the rest Tommy, who had been practising ever since he had been at home, had the honour of exhibiting with Miss Matilda. He indeed began with a certain degree of diffidence, but was soon inspired with a proper degree of confidence by the applauses which resounded on every side. What an

elegant little creature, cried one lady! What a shape is there, said a second! I protest he puts me in mind of Vestris himself. Indeed, said a third, Mrs. Merton is a most happy mother to be possessed of such a son, who wants nothing but an introduction to the world, to be one of the most elegant creatures in England, and the most accomplished. As soon as Tommy had finished his dance, he led his partner to her seat, with a grace that surprised all the company anew; and then with the sweetest condescension imaginable, he went from one lady to another, to receive the praises which they liberally poured out; as if it was the greatest action in the world to draw one foot behind another, and to walk on tip-toe. Harry, in the mean time, had shrouded himself in the most obscure part of the room, and was silently gazing upon the scene that passed. He knew that his company would give no pleasure among the elegant figures that engrossed the foremost seats, and felt not the least inclination for such an honour. In this situation he was observed by Master Compton; who, at the same instant, formed a scheme of mortifying Miss Simmons, whom he did not like, and of exposing Harry to the general ridicule. He therefore proposed it to Mash, who had partly officiated as Master of the ceremonies, who agreed to assist him, with all the readiness of officious malice. Master Mash, therefore, went up to Miss Simmons, and with all the solemnity of respect invited her out to dance: which she, although indifferent about the matter, accepted without hesitation. In the mean time, Master Compton went up to Harry with the same hypocritical civility, and in Miss Simmons's name invited him to dance a minuet. It was in vain that Harry assured him he knew nothing about the matter; his perfidious friend told him, that it was an indispensible duty for him to stand

up; that Miss Simmons would never forgive him if he should refuse; that it would be sufficient if he could just describe the figure, without embarrassing himself about the steps. In the mean time, he pointed out Miss Simmons, who was advancing towards the upper end of the room, and taking advantage of his confusion and embarrassment, led him forward, and placed him by the young lady's side. Harry was not yet acquainted with the sublime science of imposing upon unwary simplicity, and therefore never doubted that the message had come from his friend: and as nothing could be more repugnant to his character than the want of compliance, he thought it necessary at least to go and expostulate with her upon the subject. This was his intention when he suffered himself to be led up the room; but his tormentors did not give him time, for they placed him by the side of the young lady, and instantly called to the music to begin. Miss Simmons, in her turn, was equally surprised at the partner that was provided for her; she had never imagined minuet dancing to be one of Harry's accomplishments; and therefore instantly suspected that it was a concerted scheme to mortify her. However, in this she was determined they should be disappointed, as she was destitute of all pride, and had the sincerest regard for Harry. As soon, therefore, as the music struck up, the young lady began her reverence; which Harry, who found he was now completely caught, and had no time for explanation, imitated as well as he was able, but in such a manner as set the whole room in a titter. Harry, however, arming himself with all the fortitude he possessed, performed his part as well as could be expected from a person that had never learned a single step of dancing. By keeping his eye fixed upon his partner, he made a shift at least to preserve something of the figure,

although he was terribly deficient in the steps and graces of the dance. But his partner, who was scarcely less embarrassed than himself, and wished to shorten the exhibition, after crossing once, presented him with her hand. Harry had unfortunately not remarked the nature of this manœuvre with perfect accuracy; and therefore imagining that one hand was just as good as the other, he offered the young lady his left, instead of his right hand. At this instant, an universal peal of merriment, which they no longer laboured to conceal, burst from almost all the company; and Miss Simmons wishing at any rate to close the scene, presented her partner with both her hands, and abruptly finished the dance. The unfortunate couple then retreated to the lower end of the room, amidst the jests and sneers of their companions, particularly Mash and Compton, who assumed unusual importance upon the credit of such a brilliant invention. When they were seated, Miss Simmons could not help asking Harry, with some displeasure, why he had thus exposed himself and her, by attempting what he was totally ignorant of; and added, that though there was no disgrace in not being able to dance, it was a very great folly to attempt it without having learned a single step. Indeed, madam, answered Harry, I never should have thought of trying to do what I knew I was totally ignorant of; but Master Compton came to me, and told me, that you particularly desired me to dance with you, and led me to the other end of the room; and I only came to speak to you, and to inform you that I knew nothing about the matter, for fear you should think me uncivil; and then the music began to play, and you to dance, so that I had no opportunity of speaking; and I thought it better to do the best I could, than to stand still, or leave you there. Miss Simmons instantly recovered her

former good-humour, and said, Well, Harry, we are not the first, nor shall be the last by hundreds, that have made a ridiculous figure in a ball-room, without so good an excuse. But I am sorry to see so malicious a disposition in in these young gentlemen, and that all their knowledge of polite life has not taught them a little better manners. Why, madam, answered Harry, since you are so good as to talk to me upon the subject, I must confess that I have been very much surprised at many things I have seen at Mr. Merton's. All these young gentlemen and ladies are continually talking about genteel life and manners, and yet they are frequently doing things which surprise me. Mr. Barlow has always told me that politeness consists in a disposition to oblige every body around us, and to say or do nothing which can give them disagreeable impressions. Yet I continually see these young gentlemen striving to do and say things for no other reason than to give pain. For not to go any further than the present instance, what motive can Master Compton and Master Mash have had, but to mortify you by giving you such a partner? You, Madam, too, that are so kind and good to every body, that I should think it impossible not to love you. Harry, answered the young lady, what you say about politeness is perfectly just. I have heard my uncle and many sensible people say the same. But in order to acquire this species of it, both goodness of heart and a just way of thinking are required.

Their attention was now called towards the company, who had ranged themselves by pairs for country-dancing. Miss Simmons, who was very fond of this exercise, then asked Harry if he had never practised any of these dances. Harry said it happened to him three or four times at home, and that he believed he should not be puzzled about any of the figures. Well then, said the young lady, to show

how little I regard their intended mortification, I will stand up, and you shall be my partner. So they rose, and placed themselves at the bottom of the whole company, according to the laws of dancing, which appoint that place for those who come last. And now the music began to strike up in a more joyous strain; the little dancers exerted themselves with all their activity, and the exercise diffused a glow of health and cheerfulness over the faces of the most pale and languid. Harry exerted himself here, with much better success than he had lately done in the minuet. He had great command over all his limbs, and was well versed in every play that gives address to the body; so that he found no difficulty in practising all the varied figures of the dances; particularly with the assistance of Miss Simmons, who explained to him every thing that appeared embarrassing. But now, by the continuance of the dance, all who were first at the upper end had descended, to the bottom; where, by the laws of the diversion, they ought to have waited quietly till their companions, becoming in their turn uppermost, had danced down to their former places. But, when Miss Simmons and Harry expected to have had their just share of the exercise, they found that almost all their companions had deserted them, and retired to their places. Harry could not help wondering at this behaviour; but Miss Simmons told him with a smile that it was only of a piece with the rest; and that she had often remarked it at country assemblies, where all the gentry of a county were gathered together. This is frequently the way, added she, that those who think themselves superior to the rest of the world, choose to show their importance. This is a very bad way, indeed, replied Harry: people may choose whether they will dance or practise any particular diversion; but if they do, they

ought to submit to the laws of it, without repining: and I have always observed among the little boys that I am acquainted with, that wherever this disposition prevails, it is the greatest proof of a bad and contemptible temper.

As Harry was conversing in this manner, the little company had left off dancing, and were refreshing themselves with a variety of cakes and agreeable liquors, which had been provided for the occasion. Tommy Merton, and the other young gentlemen, were now distinguishing themselves by their attendance upon the ladies, whom they were supplying with every thing they chose to have; but no one thought it worth his while to wait upon Miss Simmons. When Harry observed this, he ran to the table, and upon a large waiter brought her cakes and lemonade, which he presented, if not with a better grace, with a sincerer desire to oblige than any of the rest. But, as he was stooping down to offer her the choice. Master Mash unluckily passed that way, and elated by the success of his late piece of ill-nature, determined to attempt a second still more brutal than the first. For this reason, just as Miss Simmons was helping herself to some wine and water, Mash pretending to stumble, pushed Harry in such a manner that the greater part of the contents of the glasses was discharged full into her bosom. The young lady coloured at the insult, and Harry, who instantly perceived that it had been done on purpose, being no longer able to contain his indignation, seized a glass that was only half emptied, and discharged the contents full into the face of the aggressor. Mash, who was a boy of violent passions, exasperated at this retaliation, which he so well deserved, instantly catched up a drinking glass, and flung it full at the head of Harry. Happy was it for him, that it only grazed his head, without taking the full effect. It however

laid bare a considerable gash, and Harry was in an instant covered with his own blood. This sight only provoked him the more, and made him forget both the place and company where he was; so that flying upon Mash with all the fury of just revenge, a dreadful combat ensued, which put the whole room into a consternation. But Mr. Merton soon appeared, and with some difficulty separated the enraged champions. He then inquired into the subject of the contest, which Master Mash endeavoured to explain away as an accident. But Harry persisted in his account with so much firmness, in which he was corroborated by the testimony of Miss Simmons, that Mr. Merton readily perceived the truth. Mash, however, apologized for himself in the best manner he was able, by saying, that he only meant to play Master Harry an innocent trick, but that he had undesignedly injured Miss Simmons. Whatever Mr. Merton felt, he did not say a great deal; he, however, endeavoured to pacify the enraged combatants, and ordered assistance to Harry to bind up the wound, and clean him from the blood which had now disfigured him from head to foot. Mrs. Merton in the mean time, who was sitting at the upper end of the room amidst the other ladies, had seen the fray, and been informed that it was owing to Harry's throwing a glass of lemonade in Master Mash's face. This gave Mrs. Compton an opportunity of indulging herself again in long invectives against Harry, his breeding, family, and manners. She never, she said, had liked the boy, and now he had justified all her forebodings upon the subject. Such a little, vulgar wretch, could never have been witness to any thing but scenes of riot and ill-manners; and now he was brawling and fighting in a gentleman's house, just as he would do at one of the public-houses to which he was used to go with his fa-

ther. While she was in the midst of this eloquent harangue, Mr. Merton came up, and gave a more unprejudiced narrative of the affair; he acquitted Harry of all blame, and said, that it was impossible, even for the mildest temper in the world, to act otherwise upon such unmerited provocation. This account seemed wonderfully to turn the scale in Harry's favour; though Miss Simmons was no great favourite with the young ladies, yet the spirit and gallantry which he had discovered in her cause began to act very forcibly upon their minds. One of the young ladies observed, that if Master Harry was better drest, he would certainly be a pretty boy; another said, she had always thought that he had a look above his station; and a third remarked, that considering he had never learned to dance, he had by no means a vulgar look.

This untoward accident having thus been amicably settled, the diversions of the evening went forward. But Harry, who had now lost all taste for genteel company, took the first opportunity of retiring to bed; where he soon fell asleep, and forgot both the mortification and bruises he had received. In the mean time, the little company below found means to entertain themselves till past midnight, and then retired to their chambers.

The next morning they rose later than usual: and as several of the young gentlemen who had been invited to the preceding evening's diversion, were not to return till after dinner, they agreed to take a walk into the country. Harry went with them as usual, though Master Mash by his misrepresentations had prejudiced Tommy and all the rest against him. But Harry, who was conscious of his own innocence, and began to feel the pride of injured friendship, disdained to give an explanation of his behaviour; since his friend was not sufficiently interested about the

matter to demand one. But while they were slowly walking along the common, they discovered at a distance a prodigious crowd of people, that were all moving forward in the same direction. This attracted the curiosity of the little troop; and upon inquiry they found there was going to be a bull-baiting. Instantly an eager desire seized upon all the little gentry to see the diversion. One obstacle alone presented itself, which was, that their parents, and particularly Mrs. Merton, had made them promise that they would avoid every species of danger. This objection was however removed by Master Billy Lyddal; who observed that there could be no danger in the sight, as the bull was to be tied fast, and could therefore do them no harm. Besides, added he, smiling, what occasion have they to know that we have been at all? I hope we are not such simpletons as to accuse ourselves, or such tell-tales as to inform against one another. No! no! no! was the universal exclamation from all but Harry, who had remained profoundly silent upon the occasion. Master Harry has not said a word, said one of the little folks; sure he will not tell of us. Indeed, said Harry, I don't wish to tell of you; but if I am asked where we have been, how can I help telling?—What, answered Master Lyddal, can't you say, that we have been walking along the road, or across the common, without mentioning any thing further?—No, said Harry, that would not be speaking truth: besides bull-baiting is a very cruel and dangerous diversion, and therefore none of us should go to see it; particularly Master Merton, whose mother loves him so much, and is so careful about him. This speech was not received with much approbation by those to whom it was addressed. A pretty fellow, said one, to give himself these airs, and pretend to be wiser than every one else!—What, said Master Compton, does

this beggar's brat think he is to govern gentlemen's sons, because Master Merton is so good as to keep company with him?—If I were Master Merton, said a third, I'd soon send the little impertinent jackanapes home to his own blackguard family.—And Master Mash, who was the biggest and strongest boy in the whole company, came up to Harry, and grinning in his face, said, So all the return you make to Master Merton for his goodness to you, is to be a spy and an informer, is it, you little dirty blackguard?—Harry, who had long perceived and lamented the coolness of Master Merton towards him, was now much more grieved to see that his friend was not only silent, but seemed to take an ill-natured pleasure in these insults, than at the insults themselves which were offered to him. However, as soon as the crowd of tormentors which surrounded him, would give him leave to speak, he coolly answered, that he was as little of a spy and informer as any of them; and as to begging, he thanked God, he wanted as little of them, as they did of him: besides, added he, were I even reduced so low as that, I should know better how to employ my time, than to ask charity of any one here.

This sarcastic answer, and the reflections that were made upon it, had such an effect upon the too irritable temper of Master Merton, that in an instant forgetting his former obligations and affection to Harry, he strutted up to him, and clenching his fist, asked him, whether he meant to insult him? Well done, Master Merton, echoed through the whole society; thresh him heartily for his impudence. No, Master Tommy, answered Harry, it is you and your friends here that insult me. What, answered Tommy, are you a person of such consequence, that you must not be spoken to? You are a prodigious fine gentle-

man indeed.—I always thought you one till now, answered Harry. How, you rascal, said Tommy, do you say that I am not a gentleman?—Take that, and immediately struck Harry upon the face with his fist. His fortitude was not proof against this treatment, he turned his face away, and only said in a low tone of voice, Master Tommy, Master Tommy, I never should have thought it possible you could have treated me in this unworthy manner: then covering his face with both his hands, he burst into an agony of crying.

But the little troop of gentlemen, who were vastly delighted with the mortification which Harry had received, and had formed a very indifferent opinion of his prowess, from the patience which he had hitherto exerted, began to gather round, and repeat their persecutions. Coward, and blackguard, and tell-tale, echoed in a chorus, through the circle; and some, more forward than the rest, seized hold of him by the hair, in order that he might hold up his head, and show his pretty face. But Harry, who now began to recollect himself, wiped his tears with his hand, and looking up, asked them with a firm tone of voice, and a steady countenance, why they meddled with him; then swinging round, he disengaged himself at once, from all who had taken hold of him. The greatest part of the company gave back at this question, and seemed disposed to leave him unmolested; but Master Mash, who was the most quarrelsome and impertinent boy present, advanced, and looking at Harry with a contemptuous sneer, said, This is the way we always treat such little blackguards as you; and if you have not had enough to satisfy you, we'll willingly give you some more. As to all your nicknames and nonsense, answered Harry, I don't think it worth my while to resent them; but though I have suffered Master

Merton to strike me, there's not another in the company shall do it; or if he chooses to try, he shall soon find whether or not I am a coward. Master Mash made no answer to this but by a slap of the face, which Harry returned by a punch of his fist, which had almost overset his antagonist, in spite of his superiority of size and strength. This unexpected check from a boy so much less than himself might probably have cooled the courage of Mash, had he not been ashamed of yielding to one whom he had treated with so much unmerited contempt. Summoning, therefore, all his resolution, he flew at Harry like a fury; and, as he had often been engaged in quarrels like this, he struck him with so much force, that with the first blow he aimed, he felled him to the ground. Harry, foiled in this manner but not dismayed, rose in an instant and attacked his adversary with redoubled vigour, at the very moment when he thought himself sure of the victory. A second time did Mash, after a short but severe contest, close with his undaunted enemy, and, by dint of superior strength, roughly hurl him to the ground. The little troop of spectators who had mistaken Harry's patient fortitude for cowardice, began now to entertain the sincerest respect for his courage, and gathered round the combatants in silence. A second time did Harry rise and attack his stronger adversary, with the cool intrepidity of a veteran combatant. The battle now began to grow more dreadful and more violent. Mash had superior strength and dexterity, and greater habitude of fighting; his blows were aimed with equal skill and force; and each appeared sufficient to crush an enemy so much inferior in size, in strength, in years: but Harry possessed a body hardened to support pain and hardship; a greater degree of activity, a cool, unyielding courage, which nothing could disturb

or daunt. Four times had he been now thrown down by the irresistible strength of his foe; four times had he risen stronger from his fall, covered with dirt and blood, and panting with fatigue, but still unconquered. At length from the duration of the combat, and his own violent exertions, the strength of Mash began to fail: enraged and disappointed at the obstinate resistance he had met with, he began to lose all command of his temper and strike at random; his breath grew short, his efforts were more laborious, and his knees seemed scarcely able to sustain his weight. But actuated by rage and shame, he rushed with all his might upon Harry, as if determined to crush him with one last effort. Harry prudently stepped back, and contented himself with parrying the blows that were aimed at him; till, seeing that his antagonist was almost exhausted by his own impetuosity, he darted at him with all his force, and, by one successful blow, levelled him with the ground.

An involuntary shout of triumph now burst from the little assembly of spectators; for such is the temper of human beings, that they are more inclined to consider superiority of force than justice; and the very same boys who just before were loading Harry with taunts and outrages, were now ready to congratulate him upon his victory. He, however, when he found his antagonist no longer capable of resistance, kindly assisted him to rise, and told him he was very sorry for what had happened; but he, oppressed at once with the pain of his bruises and the disgrace of his defeat, observed an obstinate silence.

Just in this moment, their attention was engaged by a new and sudden spectacle. A bull of the largest size and greatest beauty was led across the plain, adorned with ribbons of various colours. The majestic animal suffered him-

self to be led along an unresisting prey, till he arrived at the spot which was destined for the theatre of his persecutions. Here he was fastened to an iron ring, which had been strongly let into the ground, and whose force they imagined would be sufficient to restrain him, even in the midst of his most violent exertions. An innumerable crowd of men, of women, of children, then surrounded the place, waiting with eager curiosity for the inhuman sport which they expected. The little party which had accompanied Mr. Merton, were now no longer to be restrained; their friends, their parents, admonition, duty, promises, all were forgotten in an instant, and, solely intent upon gratifying their curiosity, they mingled with the surrounding multitude.

Harry, although reluctantly, followed them at a distance; neither the ill-usage he had received, nor the pain of his wounds, could make him unmindful of Master Merton, or careless of his safety. He knew too well the dreadful accidents which frequently attend these barbarous sports, to be able to quit his friend, till he had once more seen him in a place of safety. And now the noble animal, that was to be thus wantonly tormented, was fastened to the ring by a strongly-twisted cord; which, though it confined and cramped his exertions, did not entirely restrain them. Although possessed of almost irresistible strength, he seemed unwilling to exert it; and looked round upon the infinite multitude of his enemies with a gentleness that ought to have disarmed their animosity. Presently, a dog of the largest size and most ferocious courage is let loose; who, as soon as he beheld the bull, uttered a savage yell, and rushed upon him with all the rage of inveterate animosity. The bull suffered him to approach with the coolness of deliberate courage; but just as the dog was spring-

ing up to seize him, he rushed forward to meet his foe, and putting his head to the ground, canted him into the air several yards; and had not the spectators run and caught him upon their backs and hands, he would have been crushed to pieces in the fall. The same fate attended another, and another dog, which were let loose successively; the one was killed upon the spot, while the other, who had a leg broken in the fall, crawled howling and limping away. The bull, in the mean while, behaved with all the calmness and intrepidity of an experienced warrior: without violence, without passion, he waited every attack of his enemies, and then sevérely punished them for their rashness. While this was transacting, to the diversion not only of the rude and illiterate populace, but to that of the little gentry with Master Merton, a poor, half-naked black came up, and humbly implored their charity. He had served, he told them, on board an English vessel, and even showed them the scars of several wounds he had received; but now he was discharged, and without friends, without assistance, he could scarcely find food to support his wretched life, or clothes to cover him from the wintry wind. Some of the young gentry, who from a bad education had been little taught to feel or pity the distress of others, were base enough to attempt to jest upon his dusky colour and foreign accent; but Master Merton, though lately much corrupted and changed from what he had been with Mr. Barlow, preserved a great degree of generosity, put his hand into his pocket in order to relieve him, but unfortunately found nothing to give; the foolish profusion which he had lately learned from the young gentlemen at his father's house, had made him waste in cards, in playthings, in trifles, all his stock of money; and now he found himself un-

able to relieve that distress which he pitied. Thus repulsed on every side, and unassisted, the unfortunate black approached the place where Harry stood, holding out the tattered remains of his hat, and imploring charity. Harry had not much to give, but he took sixpence out of his pocket, which was all his riches, and gave it with the kindest look of compassion, saying, Here, poor man, this is all I have; if I had more, it should be at your service. He had no time to add more, for at that instant, three fierce dogs rushed upon the bull at once, and by their joint attacks rendered him almost mad. The calm, deliberate courage, which he had hitherto shown, was now changed into rage and desperation; he roared with pain and fury; flashes of fire seemed to come from his angry eyes, and his mouth was covered with foam and blood. He hurried round the stake with incessant toil and rage, first aiming at one, then at another, of the persecuting dogs, that harassed him on every side, growling and baying incessantly, and biting him in every part. At length, with a furious effort that he made, he trampled one of his foes beneath his feet, and gored a second to that degree, that his bowels came through the wound; and at the same moment, the cord which had hitherto confined him, snapped asunder, and let him loose upon the affrighted multitude. It is impossible to conceive the terror and dismay which instantly seized the crowd of spectators. Those, who before had been hallooing with joy, and encouraging the fury of the dogs with shouts and acclamations, were now scattered over the plain, and fled from the fury of the animal, which they had been so basely tormenting. The enraged bull, mean while, rushed like lightning over the plain, trampling some, goring others, and taking ample vengeance for the injuries he had receiv-

ed. Presently, he rushed with headlong fury, towards the spot where Master Merton, and his associates stood; all fled with wild affright, but with a speed that was not equal to that of the pursuer. Shrieks, and outcries, and lamentations were heard on every side; and those, who a few minutes before had despised the good advice of Harry, would now have given the world to be safe in the houses of their parents. Harry alone seemed to preserve his presence of mind; he neither cried out nor ran; but when the dreadful animal approached, leaped nimbly aside, and the bull passed on, without embarrassing himself about his escape. Not so fortunate was Master Merton; he happened to be the last of the little troop of flyers, and full in the way which the bull had taken. And now his destruction appeared certain; for as he ran, whether through fear or the inequality of the ground, his foot slipped, and down he tumbled, in the very path of the enraged pursuing animal. All, who saw, imagined his fate inevitable; and it would certainly have proved so, had not Harry, with a courage and presence of mind above his years, suddenly seized a prong, which one of the fugitives had dropped, and at the very moment when the bull was stopping to gore his defenceless friend, advanced and wounded him in the flank. The bull, in an instant, turned short, and with redoubled rage made at his new assailant; and it is probable that, notwithstanding his intrepidity, Harry would have paid the price of his assistance to his friend with his own life, had not an unexpected succour arrived. But, in that instant, the grateful black rushed on like lightning to assist him, and assailing the bull with a weighty stick which he held in his hand, compelled him to turn his rage upon a new object. The bull indeed attacked him with all the impetuosity of revenge, but the

black jumped nimbly aside and eluded his fury. Not contented with this, he wheeled round his fierce antagonist, and seizing him by the tail, began to batter his sides with an unexpected storm of blows. In vain did the enraged animal bellow and writhe himself about in all the convulsions of madness; his intrepid foe, without ever quitting his hold, suffered himself to be dragged about the field, still continuing his discipline, till the creature was almost spent with the fatigue of his own violent agitations. And now some of the boldest of the spectators, taking courage, approached to his assistance, and throwing a well-twisted rope over his head, they at length, by the dint of superior numbers, completely mastered the furious animal, and bound him to a tree. In the mean while, several of Mr. Merton's servants, who had been sent out after the young gentlemen, approached and took up their young master, who, though without a wound, was almost dead with fear and agitation. But Harry, after seeing that his friend was perfectly safe, and in the hands of his own family, invited the black to accompany him, and instead of returning to Mr. Merton's, took the way which led to his father's house.

While these scenes were passing, Mrs. Merton, though ignorant of the danger of her son, was not undisturbed at home. Some accounts had been brought of Harry's combat, which served to make her uneasy, and to influence her still more against him. Mrs. Compton too, and Miss Matilda, who had conceived a violent dislike to Harry, were busy to inflame her by their malicious representations. While she was in these dispositions, Mr. Merton happened to enter, and was at once attacked by all the ladies upon the subject of this improper connexion. He endeavoured, for a long time, to remove their prejudices by

reason, but when he found that to be impossible, he contented himself with telling his wife, that a little time would perhaps decide which were the most proper companions for their son; and that till Harry had done something to render himself unworthy of their notice, he never could consent to the treating him with coldness or neglect. At this moment a female servant burst into the room with all the wildness of affright, and cried out with a voice that was scarcely articulate, Oh! Madam, Madam! such an accident—poor, dear master Tommy——What of him, for God's sake? cried out Mrs. Merton, with an impatience and concern that sufficiently marked her feelings. Nay, Madam, answered the servant, he is not much hurt, they say; but little Sandford has taken him to a bull-baiting, and the bull has gored him, and William and John are bringing him home in their arms. These words were scarcely delivered, when Mrs. Merton uttered a violent shriek, and was instantly seized with an hysteric fit. While the ladies were all employed in assisting her and restoring her senses, Mr. Merton, who, though much alarmed, was more composed, walked precipitately out, to learn the truth of this imperfect narration. He had not proceeded far, before he met the crowd of children and servants, one of whom carried Tommy Merton in his arms. As soon as he was convinced that his son had received no other damage than a violent fright, he began to inquire into the circumstances of the affair, but before he had time to receive any information, Mrs. Merton, who had recovered from her fainting, came running wildly from the house. When she saw that her son was safe, she caught him in her arms, and began to utter all the incoherent expressions of a mother's fondness. It was with difficulty that her husband could prevail upon her to moderate her transports

till they were within. Then she gave a loose to her feelings in all their violence; and, for a considerable time, was incapable of attending to any thing but the joy of his miraculous preservation. At length, however, she became more composed, and observing that all the company were present except Harry Sandford, she exclaimed with sudden indignation: So, I see that little abominable wretch has not had the impudence to follow you in: and I almost wish that the bull had gored him as he deserved. What little wretch, mamma, said Tommy, do you mean? Whom can I mean, cried Mrs. Merton, but that vile Harry Sandford, that your father is so fond of, and who had nearly cost you your life, by leading you into this danger? He! mamma, said Tommy, he lead me into danger! He did all he could to persuade me not to go? and I was a very naughty boy indeed, not to take his advice. Mrs. Merton stood amazed at this information; for her prejudices had operated so powerfully upon her mind, that she had implicitly believed the guilt of Harry upon the imperfect evidence of the maid. Who was it then, said Mr. Merton, could be so imprudent? Indeed, papa, answered Tommy, we were all to blame, all but Harry, who advised and begged us not to go, and particularly me, because he said it would give you so much uneasiness when you knew it, and that it was so dangerous a diversion. Mrs. Merton looked confused at her mistake, but Mrs. Compton observed that she supposed Harry was afraid of the danger, and therefore had wisely kept out of the way. Oh! no, indeed, madam, answered one of the little boys; Harry is no coward, though we thought him so at first, when he let Master Tommy strike him; but he fought Master Mash in the bravest manner I ever saw; and though Master Mash fought very well, yet Harry had the advantage; and I

saw him follow us at a little distance, and keep his eye upon Master Merton all the time, till the bull broke loose; and then I was so frightened that I do not know what became of him. So, this is the little boy, said Mr. Merton, that you were for driving from the society of your children! But let us hear more of the story, for as yet I know neither the particulars of his danger nor his escape. Upon this, one of the servants, who from some little distance had seen the whole affair, was called in and examined. He gave them an exact account of all; of Tommy's misfortune; of Harry's bravery; of the unexpected succour of the poor black; and filled the whole room with admiration that such an action, so noble, so intrepid, so fortunate, should have been achieved by such a child.

Mrs. Merton was now silent with shame at reflecting upon her own unjust prejudices, and the ease with which she had become the enemy of a boy who had saved the life of her darling son; and who appeared as much superior in character to all the young gentlemen at her house, as they exceeded him in rank and fortune. The young ladies now forgot their former objections to his person and manners, and such is the effect of genuine virtue, all the company conspired to extol the conduct of Harry to the skies. But Mr. Merton, who had appeared more delighted than all the rest with the relation of Harry's intrepidity, now cast his eyes around the room, and seemed to be looking for his little friend. But when he could not find him, he said, with some concern, Where can be our little deliverer? Sure he can have met with no accident that he has not returned with the rest! No, said one of the servants, as to that, Harry Sandford is safe enough, for I saw him go towards his own home in company with the black. Alas! answered Mr. Merton, surely he must

have received some unworthy treatment that could make him thus abruptly desert us all. And now I recollect that I heard one of the young gentlemen mention a blow that Harry had received; surely, Tommy, you could not have been so basely ungrateful as to strike the best and noblest of your friends! Tommy at this, hung down his head; his face was covered with a burning blush, and the tears began silently to trickle down his cheeks. Mrs. Merton remarked the anguish and confusion of her child, and catching him in her arms, was going to clasp him to her bosom with the most endearing expressions; but Mr. Merton hastily interrupting her, said, It is not now a time to give way to fondness for a child, that, I fear, has acted the basest and vilest part that can disgrace a human being; and who, if what I suspect is true, can be only a dishonour to his parents. At this Tommy could no longer contain himself, but burst out into such a violent transport of crying, that Mrs. Merton, who seemed to feel the severity of Mr. Merton's conduct with still more poignancy than her son, caught her darling up in her arms, and carried him abruptly out of the room, accompanied by most of the ladies, who pitied Tommy's abasement, and agreed that there was no crime he could have been guilty of which was not amply atoned for by such a charming sensibility.

But Mr. Merton, who now felt all the painful interest of a tender father, and considered this as the critical moment which was to give his son the impression of worth or baseness for life, was determined to examine the affair to the utmost. He therefore took the first opportunity of drawing the little boy aside who had mentioned Master Merton's striking Harry, and questioned him upon the subject. But he, who had no particular interest in disguising the truth, related the circumstances merely as they

had happened; and, though he a little softened matters in Tommy's favour, yet, without intending it, he held up such a picture of his violence and injustice as wounded his father to the soul. While Mr. Merton was occupied by these uneasy feelings, he was agreeably surprised by a visit from Mr. Barlow, who came accidentally to see him, with a perfect ignorance of all the great events which had so recently happened. Mr. Merton received this worthy man with the sincerest cordiality; but there was such a gloom diffused over all his manners, that Mr. Barlow began to suspect that all was not right with Tommy, and therefore purposely inquired after him, to give his father an opportunity of speaking. This Mr. Merton did not fail to do; and taking Mr. Barlow affectionately by the hand, he said, Oh! my dear Sir, I begin to fear that all my hopes are at an end in that boy, and all your kind endeavours thrown away. He has just behaved in such a manner as shows him to be radically corrupted, and insensible of every principle but pride. He then related to Mr. Barlow every incident of Tommy's behaviour, making the severest reflections upon his insolence and ingratitude, and blaming his own supineness that had not earlier checked these boisterous passions, that now burst forth with such a degree of fury, and threatened ruin to his hopes. Indeed, answered Mr. Barlow, I am very sorry to hear this account of my little friend; yet I do not see it quite in so serious a light as yourself: and, though I cannot deny the dangers that may arise from a character so susceptible of false impressions, and so violent at the same time, yet I do not think the corruption either so great, or so general, as you seem to suspect.

He has always appeared to me generous and humane, and to have a fund of natural goodness amid all the faults

which spring up too luxuriantly in his character. It is impossible that he should not be at present possessed with the keenest shame for his own behaviour. It will be your first part to take advantage of these sentiments, and, instead of a fleeting and transitory sensation, to change them into fixed and active principles. Do not at present say much to him upon the subject. Let us both be attentive to the silent workings of his mind, and regulate our behaviour accordingly.

This conversation being finished, Mr. Merton introduced Mr. Barlow to the company in the other room. Mrs. Merton, who now began to be a little staggered in some of the opinions she had been most fond of, received him with uncommon civility, and all the rest of the company treated him with the greatest respect. But Tommy, who had lately been the oracle and the admiration of all this brilliant circle, appeared to have lost all his vivacity. He indeed advanced to meet Mr. Barlow with a look of tenderness and gratitude, and made the most respectful answers to all his inquiries; but his eyes were involuntarily turned to the ground, and silent melancholy and dejection were visible in his face. Mr. Barlow remarked with the greatest pleasure these signs of humility and contrition, and pointed them out to Mr. Merton, the first time he had an opportunity of speaking to him without being overheard; adding, that unless he was much deceived, Tommy would soon give ample proofs of the natural goodness of his character, and reconcile himself to all his friends. Mr. Merton heard this observation with the greatest pleasure, and now began to entertain some hopes of seeing it accomplished.

After the dinner was over, most of the young gentlemen

went away to their respestive homes. Tommy seemed to have lost much of the enthusiasm which he had lately felt for his polite and accomplished friends; he even appeared to feel a secret joy at their departure, and answered with a visible coldness all their professions of regard and repeated invitations. Even Mrs. Compton herself and Miss Matilda, who were also departing, found him as insensible as the rest; though they did not spare the most extravagant praises and the warmest professions of regard.

And now the ceremonies of taking leave being over, and most of the visitors departed, a sudden solitude seemed to have taken possession of the house which was lately the seat of noise, and bustle, and festivity. Mr. and Mrs. Merton and Mr. Barlow were left alone with Miss Simmons and Tommy, and one or two others of the smaller gentry who had not yet returned to their friends.

Tommy took an opportunity of following Mr. Barlow, who was walking out; and when he perceived they were alone, he looked at him as if he had some weighty matter to disclose, but was unable to give it utterance. Mr. Barlow, therefore, turned towards him with the greatest kindness, and, taking him tenderly by the hand, inquired what he wished. Indeed, Sir, answered Tommy, almost crying, I am scarcely able to tell you. But I have been a very bad and ungrateful boy, and I am afraid you no longer have the same affection for me.

Mr. Barlow.

If you are sensible of your faults, my little friend, this is a very great step towards amending them. Let me therefore know what it is, the recollection of which distresses you so much, and if it is in my power to assist in making you easy, there is nothing, I am sure, which I shall be inclined to refuse you.

Tommy.

Oh! Sir, your speaking to me with so much goodness, hurts me a great deal more than if you were to be very angry. For when people are angry and passionate, one does not so much mind what they say. But when you speak with so much kindness it seems to pierce me to the very heart, because I know I have not deserved it.

Mr. Barlow.

But if you are sensible of having committed any faults, you may resolve to behave so well for the future, that you may deserve every body's friendship and esteem. Few people are so perfect as not to err sometimes; and if you are convinced of your errors, you will be more cautious how you give way to them a second time.

Tommy.

Indeed, Sir, I am very happy to hear you say so—I will then tell you every thing which lies so heavy upon my mind. You must know then, Sir, that, although I have lived so long with you, and during all that time, you have taken so much pains to improve me in every thing, and teach me to act well to every body, I had no sooner quitted your sight, than I became, I think, a worse boy than ever I was before.

Mr. Barlow.

But why do you judge so severely of yourself, as to think you were become worse than ever? Perhaps you have been a little thoughtless and giddy, and these are faults which I cannot with truth say you were ever free from.

Tommy.

No, Sir, what I have been guilty of is infinitely worse than ever. I have always been very giddy and very thoughtless; but I never imagined I could have been the most insolent and ungrateful boy in the world.

Mr. Barlow

You frighten me, my little friend.—Is it possible you can have committed actions that deserve so harsh a name?

Tommy.

You shall judge yourself, Sir; for now I have begun, I am determined to tell you all. You know, Sir, that when I first came to you, I had a high opinion of myself for being born a gentleman, and a very great contempt for every body in an inferior station.

Mr. Barlow.

I must confess you have always had some tendency to to both those follies.

Tommy.

Yes, Sir; but you have so often laughed at me upon the subject, and shown me the folly of people's imagining themselves better than others, without any merit of their own, that I was grown a little wiser. Besides, I have so often observed that those I despised could do a variety of things which I was ignorant of, while those who are vain of being gentlemen can do nothing useful or ingenious, that I had begun to be ashamed of my folly. But since I came home, I kept company with a great many fine young gentlemen and ladies, that thought themselves superior to all the rest of the world, and used to despise every one else, and they have made me forget every thing I learned before.

Mr. Barlow.

Perhaps then I was mistaken, when I taught you that the greatest merit any person could have, is to be good and useful; these fine young gentlemen and ladies may be wiser, and have given you better lessons. If that is the case, you will have great reason to rejoice that you have changed so much for the better.

Tommy.

No, Sir, no; I never thought them either good or wise; for they know nothing but how to dress their hair and buckle their shoes. But they persuaded me that it was necessary to be polite, and talked to me so often upon the subject, that I could not help believing them.

Mr. Barlow.

I am very glad to hear that; it is necessary for every body to be polite. They therefore, I suppose, instructed you to be more obliging and civil in your manners than ever you were before. Instead of doing you any hurt, this will be the greatest improvement you can receive.

Tommy.

No, Sir, quite the contrary—Instead of teaching me to be civil and obliging, they have made me ruder and worse behaved than ever I was before.

Mr. Barlow.

If that is the case, I fear these fine young gentlemen and ladies undertook to teach you more than they understood themselves.

Tommy.

Indeed, Sir, I am of the same opinion myself. But I did not think so then, and, therefore, I did whatever I observed them do, and talked in the same manner as I heard them talk. They used to be always laughing at Harry Sandford: and I grew so foolish that I did not choose to keep company with him any longer.

Mr. Barlow.

That was a pity, because I am convinced he really loves you. However, it is of no great consequence, for he has employment enough at home; and, however ingenious you may be, I do not think that he will learn how to manage his land, or raise food, from your conversation. It

will, therefore, be better for him to converse with farmers, and leave you to the society of gentlemen. Indeed, this, I know, has always been his taste, and had not your father pressed him very much to accompany you home, he would have liked much better to avoid the visit. However, I will inform him that you have gained other friends, and advise him, for the future, to avoid your company.

Tommy.

Oh, Sir! I did not think you could be so cruel. I love Harry Sandford better than any other boy in the world, and I shall never be happy till he forgives me all my bad behaviour, and converses with me again as he used to do.

Mr. Barlow.

But then, perhaps, you may lose the acquaintance of all those polite young gentlemen and ladies.

Tommy.

I care very little about that, Sir. But, I fear, I have behaved so ill, that he never will be able to forgive me and love me as he did formerly.

Tommy then went on, and repeated with great exactness the story of his insolence and ingratitude, which had so great an effect upon him, that he burst into tears and cried a considerable time. He then concluded with asking Mr. Barlow if he thought Harry would be ever able to forgive him.

Mr. Barlow.

I cannot conceal from you, my little friend, that you have acted very ill indeed in this affair. However, if you are really ashamed of all your past conduct, and determined to act better, I do not doubt that so generous and good-natured a boy as Harry is, will forgive you all.

Tommy.

O, Sir, I should be the happiest creature in the world

—Will you be so kind as to bring him here to-day, and and you shall see how I will behave?

Mr. Barlow.

Softly, Tommy, softly. What is Harry to come here for? Have you not insulted and abused him, without reason; and, at last, proceeded so far as to strike him, only because he was giving you the best advice, and endeavouring to preserve you from danger? Can you imagine that any human being will come to you in return for such treatment? at least till you have convinced him that you are ashamed of your passion and injustice, and that he may expect better usage for the future.

Tommy.

What then must I do, Sir?

Mr. Barlow.

If you want any future connexion with Harry Sandford, it is your business to go to him and tell him so.

Tommy.

What, Sir, go to a farmer's, to expose myself before all his family?

Mr. Barlow.

Just now you told me you were ready to do every thing, and yet you cannot take the trouble of visiting your friend at his own house. You then imagine that a person does not expose himself by acting wrong, but by acknowledging and amending his faults!

Tommy.

But what would every body say, if a young gentleman like me, was to go and beg pardon of a farmer's son?

Mr. Barlow.

They will probably say that you have more sense and gratitude than they expected. However, you are to act as you please; with the sentiments you still seem to en-

tertain, Harry will certainly be a very unfit companion, and you will do much better to cultivate the new acquaintance you have made.

Mr. Barlow was then going away, but Tommy burst again into tears and begged him not to go; upon which Mr. Barlow said, I do not want to leave you, Tommy, but our conversation is now at an end. You have asked my advice, which I have given you freely. I have told you how you ought to act, if you would preserve the esteem of any good or sensible friend, or prevail upon Harry to excuse your past behaviour. But as you do not approve of what I suggested, you must follow your own opinions.

Pray, Sir, pray, Sir, said Tommy, sobbing, do not go. I have used Harry Sandford in the most barbarous manner; my father is angry with me; and if you desert me, I shall have no friend left in the world.

Mr. Barlow.

That will be your own fault, and, therefore, you will not deserve to be pitied. Is it not in your own power to preserve all your friends, by an honest confession of your faults? Your father will be pleased, Harry Sandford will heartily forgive you, and I shall retain the same good opinion of your character which I have long had.

Tommy.

Oh, Sir!—I will go directly, and entreat Harry to forgive me; I am convinced that all you say is right—But will you not go with me? Do, pray, Sir, be so good.—

Mr. Barlow.

Gently, gently, my good friend; you are always for doing every thing in an instant. I am very glad you have taken a resolution which will do you so much credit, and give so much satisfaction to your own mind: but before you execute it, I think it will be necessary to speak

to your father and mother upon the subject, and, in the mean time, I will go and pay a visit to Farmer Sandford; and bring you an account of Harry.

Tommy.

Do, Sir, be so good; and tell Harry, if you please, that there is nothing I desire so much as to see him; and that nothing shall ever make me behave ill again. I have heard too, Sir, that there was a poor black, that came begging to us, who saved Harry from the bull; if I could but find him out, I would be good to him as long as I live.

Mr. Barlow commended Tommy very much for dispositions so full of gratitude and goodness, and taking leave of him, went to communicate the conversation he had just had to Mr. Merton. That gentleman felt the sincerest pleasure at the account, and entreated Mr. Barlow to go directly to prepare Harry to receive his son. That little boy, added he, has the noblest mind that ever adorned a human being; nor shall I be ever happy till I see my son acknowledging all his faults, and entreating forgiveness. for, with the virtues that I have discovered in his soul, he appears to me a more eligible friend and companion than noblemen or princes.

Mr. Barlow, therefore, set out on foot, though Mr. Merton would have sent his carriage and servants to attend him, and soon arrived at Mr. Sandford's farm. It was a pleasant spot, situated upon the gentle declivity of a hill, at the foot of which winded along a swift and clear little stream. The house itself was small, but warm and convenient, furnished with the greatest simplicity, but managed with perfect neatness. As Mr. Barlow approached, he saw the owner himself guiding a plough through one of his own fields, and Harry, who had now resumed the farmer, directed the horses. But when he saw Mr. Bar-

low coming across the field, he stopped his team, and letting fall his whip, sprang forward to meet him with all the unaffected eagerness of joy. As soon as Harry had saluted Mr. Barlow, and inquired after his health, he asked him with the greatest kindness after Tommy ; for I fancy, Sir, said he, by the way which I see you come, you have been at Mr. Merton's house. Indeed I have, replied Mr. Barlow, but I am very sorry to find that Tommy and you are not upon as good terms as you formerly were.

Harry.

Indeed, Sir, I am very sorry for it myself. But I do not know that I have given Master Merton any reason to change his sentiments about me : and though I do not think he has treated me as well as he ought to do, I have the greatest desire to hear that he is well.

Mr. Barlow.

That you might have known yourself, had you not left Mr. Merton's house so suddenly, without taking leave of any one, even your friend Mr. Merton, who has always treated you with so much kindness.

Harry.

Indeed, Sir, I shall be very unhappy if you think I have done wrong ; but be so good as to tell me how I could have acted otherwise. I am very sorry to appear to accuse Master Merton, neither do I bear any resentment against him for what he has done, but since you speak to me upon the subject, I shall be obliged to tell the truth.

Mr. Barlow.

Well, Harry, let me hear it. You know I shall be the last person to condemn you, if you do not deserve it.

Harry.

I know your constant kindness to me, Sir, and I always confide in it: however, I am not sensible now that I am

in fault. You know, Sir, that it was with great unwillingness I went to Mr. Merton's, for I thought there would be fine gentlemen and ladies there that would ridicule my dress and manners: and though Master Merton had been always very friendly in his behaviour towards me, I could not help thinking that he might grow ashamed of my company at his own house.

Mr. Barlow.

Do you wonder at that, Harry, considering the difference there is in your rank and fortune?

Harry.

No, Sir, I cannot say I do, for I generally observe that those who are rich will scarcely treat the poor with common civility. But, in this particular case, I did not see any reason for it. I never desired Master Merton to admit me to his company or invite me to his house, because I knew that I was born and bred in a very inferior station. You were so good as to take me to your house, and there I became acquainted with him; and if I was then much in his company, it was because he seemed to desire it himself, and I always endeavoured to treat him with the greatest respect.

Mr. Barlow.

That, indeed, is true, Harry: in all your little plays and studies, I have never observed any thing but the greatest mildness and good-nature on your part.

Harry.

I hope, Sir, it has never been otherwise. But though I have the greatest affection for Master Merton, I never desired to go home with him. What sort of a figure could a poor boy like me make at a gentleman's table, among little Masters and Misses that powder their hair, and wear buckles as big as our horses carry upon their harness? If

I attempted to speak, I was always laughed at; or if I did any thing, I was sure to hear something about clowns and rustics! And yet, I think, though they were all gentlemen and ladies, you would not much have approved of their conversation, for it was about nothing but plays, and dress, and trifles of that nature. I never heard one of them mention a single word about saying their prayers, or being dutiful to their parents, or doing any good to the poor.

Mr. Barlow.

Well, Harry, but if you did not like their conversation, you surely might have borne it with patience for a little while: and then, I heard something about your being quarrelsome.

Harry.

Oh, Sir, I hope not. I was to be sure once a little passionate, but that I could not help, and I hope you will forgive me. There was a modest, sensible young lady, that was the only person who treated me with any kindness, and a bold, forward, ill-natured boy affronted her in the grossest manner, only because she took notice of me. Could I help taking her part? Have you not told me too, Sir, that every person, though he should avoid quarrels, has a right to defend himself when he is attacked?

Mr. Barlow.

Well, Harry, I do not much blame you, from the circumstances I have heard of that affair: but why did you leave Mr. Merton's family so abruptly, without speaking to any body, or thanking Mr. Merton himself for the civilities he had shown you? Was that right?

Harry.

Oh, dear Sir, I have cried about it several times, for I

think I must appear very rude and ungrateful to Mr. Merton. But as to Master Tommy, I did not leave him while I thought I could be of any use. He treated me, I must say, in a very unworthy manner; he joined with all the other fine little gentlemen in abusing me, only because I endeavoured to persuade them not to go to a bull-baiting; and then at last he struck me. I did not strike him again, because I loved him so much, in spite of all his unkindness; nor did I leave him till I saw he was quite safe in the hands of his own servants. And, then, how could I go back to his house, after what he had done to me? I did not choose to complain of him to Mr. Merton; and how could I behave to him as I had done before, without being guilty of meanness and falsehood? And therefore I thought it better to go home, and desire you to speak to Mr. Merton, and entreat him to forgive my rudeness.

Mr. Barlow.

Well, Harry, I can inform you that Mr. Merton is perfectly satisfied upon that account. But there is one circumstance you have not mentioned, my little friend, and that is your saving Tommy's life from the fury of the enraged bull.

Harry.

As to that, Sir, I hope I should have done the same for any human creature. But I believe that neither of us would have escaped, if it had not been for the poor courageous black, that came to our assistance.

Mr. Barlow.

I see, Harry, that you are a boy of a noble and generous spirit, and I highly approve of every thing you have done; but, are you determined to forsake Tommy Merton for ever, because he has once behaved ill?

Harry.

I, Sir! no, I am sure. But, though I am poor, I do not desire the acquaintance of any body that despises me. Let him keep company with his gentlemen and ladies, I am satisfied with companions in my own station. But surely, Sir, it is not I that forsake him, but he that has cast me off.

Mr. Barlow.

But if he is sorry for what he has done, and only desires to acknowledge his faults and obtain your pardon?

Harry.

Oh! dear Sir! I should forget every thing in an instant. I knew Master Tommy was always a little passionate and headstrong; but he is at the same time generous and good-natured; nor would he, I am sure, have treated me so ill, if he had not been encouraged to it by the other young gentlemen.

Mr. Barlow.

Well, Harry, I believe your friend is thoroughly sensible of his faults, and that you will have little to fear for the future. He is impatient till he sees you and asks your forgiveness.

Harry.

Oh, Sir, I should forgive him if he had beaten me a hundred times. But, though I cannot leave the horses now, if you will be so kind as to wait a little, I dare say my father will let me go when he leaves off ploughing.

Mr. Barlow.

No, Harry, there is no occasion for that. Tommy has indeed used you ill, and ought to acknowledge it; otherwise he will not deserve to be trusted again. He will call upon you, and tell you all he feels upon the occasion. In the mean time, I was desired, both by him and Mr. Mer-

ton, to inquire after the poor negro that served you so materially and saved you from the bull.

Harry.

He is at our house, Sir; for I invited him home with me; and, when my father heard how well he had behaved, he made him up a little bed over the stable, and gives him victuals every day; and the poor man seems very thankful and industrious, and says he would gladly do any kind of work to earn his subsistence.

Mr. Barlow then took his leave of Harry, and, after having spoken to his father, returned to Mr. Merton.

The next morning, early, Tommy arose and dressed himself with his newly adopted simplicity; and, as soon as breakfast was over, entreated Mr. Barlow to accompany him to Harry Sandford's.

As they approached the house, the first object which Tommy distinguished was his little friend at some distance, who was driving his father's sheep along the common. At this sight, his impetuosity could no longer be restrained, and, springing forward with all his speed, he arrived in an instant, panting, and out of breath, and incapable of speaking. Harry, who knew his friend, and plainly perceived the dispositions with which he approached, met him with open arms; so that the reconciliation was begun and completed in a moment; and Mr. Barlow, who now arrived, had the pleasure of seeing his little pupils mutually giving and receiving every unaffected mark of the warmest affection.

Harry, said Mr. Barlow, I bring you a little friend, who is sincerely penitent for his offences, and comes to own the faults he has committed. That I am, indeed, said Tommy, a little recovered and able to speak. But I have behaved so ill, and have been such an ungrateful fellow, that

I am afraid Harry will never be able to forgive me. Indeed, indeed, said Harry, there you do me the greatest injustice; for I have already forgotten every thing but your former kindness and affection.

And I, answered Tommy, will never forgèt how ill, how ungratefully I have used you, nor the goodness with which you now receive me.

Harry took him by the hand, and led him into a small but neat and convenient house, where he was most cordially welcomed by Harry's family. In a corner of the chimney sat the honest black, who had performed so signal a service at the bull-baiting. Alas! said Tommy, there is another instance of my negligence and ingratitude. I now see that one fault brings on another without end. Then, advancing to the black, he took him kindly by the hand, and thanked him for the preservation of his life. Little master, replied he, you are extremely welcome to all I have done. I would at any time risk my own safety to preserve one of my fellow-creatures; and, if I have been of any use, I have been amply repaid by the kindness of this little boy, your friend, and all his worthy family. That is not enough, said Tommy, and you shall soon find what it is to oblige a person like—Here a stroke of presumption was just coming out of Tommy's mouth, but, recollecting himself, he added, a person like my father. And now he addressed himself to Harry's mother, a venerable, decent woman, of a middle age, and his two sisters, plain, modest, healthy-looking girls, a little older than their brother. All these he treated with so much cordiality and attention, that all the company were delighted with him; so easy is it for those who possess rank and fortune to gain the good will of their fellow-creatures; and so inexcusable is that surly pride which renders many of them deservedly odious.

As the evening began to advance, Mr. Barlow invited him to return; but Tommy, instead of complying, took him by the hand, thanked him for all his kindness and attention, but declared his resolution of staying some time with his friend Harry. The more I consider my own behaviour, said he, the more I feel myself ashamed of my folly and ingratitude. But you have taught me, my dear Sir, that all I have in my power is to acknowledge them, which I most willingly do before all this good family, and entreat Harry to think that the impressions I now feel are such as I shall never forget. Harry embraced his friend, and assured him once more of his being perfectly reconciled; and all the family stood mute with admiration at the condescension of the young gentleman, who was not ashamed of acknowledging his faults even to his inferiors.

Mr. Barlow approved of Tommy's design, and took upon him to answer for the consent of Mr. Merton to his staying some time with Harry; then, taking his leave of all the company, he departed.

But Tommy now began to enter upon a course of life which was very little consistent with his former habits. He supped with great cheerfulness, and even found himself happy with the rustic fare which was set before him, accompanied as it was with unaffected civility and a hearty welcome. He went to bed early and slept very sound all night; however, when Harry came to call him the next morning at five, as he had made him promise to do, he found a considerable difficulty in rousing himself at the summons. Conscious pride, however, and the newly-acquired dignity of his character, supported him; he recollected that he should disgrace himself in the eyes of his father, of Mr. Barlow, and of all the family with which he now was, if he appeared incapable of acting up to his

own declarations: he therefore made a noble effort, leaped out of bed, dressed himself, and followed Harry. Not contented with this, he accompanied him in all his rustic employments, and, as no kind of country exercise was entirely new to him since his residence with Mr. Barlow, he acquitted himself with a degree of dexterity which gained him new commendations.

Thus did he pass the first day of his visit, with some little difficulty indeed, but without deviating from his resolution. The second, he found his change of life infinitely more tolerable; and, in a very little space of time, he was almost reconciled to his new situation. The additional exercise he used, improved his health and strength, and added so considerably to his appetite, that he began to think the table of Farmer Sandford exceeded all he had ever tried before.

One day he was surprised by an unexpected visit from his father, who met him with open arms, and told him that he was now come to take him back to his own house. I have heard, said he, such an account of your present behaviour, that the past is entirely forgotten, and I begin to glory in owning you for a son. He then embraced him with the transports of an affectionate father who indulges the strongest sentiments of his heart, but sentiments he had long been forced to restrain. Tommy returned his caresses with genuine warmth, but with a degree of respect and humility he had once been little accustomed to use. I will accompany you home, Sir, said he, with the greatest readiness; for I wish to see my mother, and hope to give her some satisfaction of my future behaviour. You have both had too much to complain of in the past; and I am unworthy of such affectionate parents. He then turned his face aside, and shed a tear of real virtue and

gratitude, which he instantly wiped away, as unworthy the composure and fortitude of his new character.

But, Sir, added he, I hope you will not object to my detaining you a little longer, while I return my acknowledgments to all the family, and take my leave of Harry. Surely, said Mr. Merton, you can entertain no doubt upon that subject: and, to give you every opportunity of discharging all your duties to a family, to which you owe so much, I intend to take a dinner with Mr. Sandford, whom I now see coming home, and then returning with you in the evening.

At this instant Farmer Sandford approached, and very respectfully saluting Mr. Merton, invited him to walk in. But Mr. Merton, after returning his civility, drew him aside as if he had some private business to communicate. When they were alone, he made him every acknowledgment that gratitude could suggest; but words, added Mr. Merton, are very insufficient to return the favours I have received; for it is to your excellent family, together with the virtuous Mr. Barlow, that I owe the preservation of my son. Let me, therefore, entreat you to accept of what this pocket-book contains, as a slight proof of my sentiments, and lay it out in whatever manner you please, for the advantage of your family.

Mr. Sandford, who was a man both of sense and humour, took the book, and examining the inside, found that it contained bank notes to the amount of some hundred pounds. He then carefully shut it up again, and, returning it to Mr. Merton, told him that he was infinitely obliged to him for the generosity which prompted him to such a princely act; but, as to the present itself, he must not be offended if he declined it. Mr. Merton, still more astonished at such disinterestedness, pressed him with every

argument he could think of; he desired him to consider the state of his family: his daughters unprovided for; his son, with dispositions that might adorn a throne, brought up to labour; and his own advancing age, which demanded ease and respite, and an increase of the conveniences of life.

And what, replied the honest farmer, is it, but these conveniences of life, that are the ruin of all the nation? When I was a young man, Master Merton, and that is near forty years ago, people in my condition, thought of nothing but doing their duty to God and man, and labouring hard: this brought down a blessing upon their heads, and made them thrive in all their worldly concerns. When I was a boy, farmers did not lie droning in bed, as they do now, till six or seven; my father, I believe, was as good a judge of business as any in the neighbourhood, and turned as straight a furrow as any ploughman in the county of Devon; that silver cup, which I intend to have the honour of drinking your health out of to-day at dinner, that very cup was won by him at the great ploughing-match near Axminster.—Well, my father used to say, that a farmer was not worth a farthing that was not in the field by four; and my poor, dear mother too, the best tempered woman in the world, she always began milking exactly at five; and if a single soul was to be found in bed after four in summer, you might have heard her from one end of the farm to the other.—I would not disparage any body, or any thing, my good Sir; but those were times indeed; the women, then, knew something about the management of a house. It really was quite a pleasure to hear my poor mother lecture the servants. And the men were men, indeed: pray, did you ever hear the story of my father's being at Truro, and throwing the famous Cornish wrestler, squinting Dick the miner?

Mr. Merton began to be convinced, that, whatever other qualities good Mr. Sandford might have, he did not excel in brevity; and therefore endeavoured, in still stronger terms, to overcome the delicacy of the farmer, and prevail upon him to accept his present.

But the good farmer pursued his point thus: Thank you, thank you, my dear Sir, a thousand times, for your good will; but as to the money, I must beg your pardon if I persist in refusing it. Formerly, Sir, as I was saying, we were all happy and healthy, and our affairs prospered, because we never thought about the conveniences of life: now, I hear of nothing else. One neighbour, for I will not mention names, brings his son up to go a shooting with gentlemen; another sends his to market upon a blood horse, with a plated bridle; and then the girls, the girls! —There is fine work, indeed; they must have their hats and feathers, and riding-habits; their heads as big as bushels, and even their hind quarters stuck out with cork or pasteboard; but scarcely one of them can milk a cow, or churn, or bake, or do any one thing that is necessary in a family; so that unless the government will send them all to this new settlement, which I have heard so much of, and bring us a cargo of plain, honest housewives, who have never been at boarding-schools, I cannot conceive how we farmers are to get wives.

Mr. Merton laughed very heartily at this sally, and told him that he would venture to assert it was not so at his house.—Not quite so bad, indeed, said the farmer; my wife was bred up under a notable mother, and, though she must have her tea every afternoon, is, in the main, a a very good sort of woman. She has brought her daughters up a little better than usual; but, I can assure you, she and I have had many a good argument upon the sub-

ject. Not but she approves their milking, spinning, and making themselves useful; but she would fain have them genteel, Master Merton; all women now are mad after gentility; and, when once gentility begins, there is an end to industry. Now, were they to hear of such a sum as you have generously offered, there would be no peace in the house. My wenches, instead of Deb and Kate, would be Miss Deborah and Miss Catherine; in a little time, they must be sent to boarding-school, to learn French and music, and wriggling about the room. And, when they come back, who must boil the pot, or make the pudding, or sweep the house, or serve the pigs?—Did you ever hear of Miss Juliana, or Miss Harriet, or Miss Carolina, doing such vulgar things?

Mr. Merton was very much struck with the honest farmer's method of expressing himself, and could not help internally allowing the truth of his representations; yet he still pressed him to accept his present, and reminded him of the improvement of his farm.

Thank you again, and again, replied the farmer; but the whole generation of the Sandfords have been brought up to labour with their own hands for these hundred years; and, during all that time, there has not been a dishonest person, a gentleman, or a madman amongst us. And shall I be the first to break the customs of the family, and perhaps bring down a curse on all our heads?—What could I have more, if I were a lord, or a macaroni, as I think you call them?—I have plenty of victuals and work, good firing, clothes, a warm house, a little for the poor, and, between you and I, something, perhaps, in a corner to set my children off with, if they behave well.—Ah! neighbour, neighbour, if you did but know the pleasure of holding plough after a good team of horses, and then going tired to

bed, perhaps you'd wish to have been brought up a farmer too.—But in one word, as well as a thousand, I shall never forget the extraordinary kindness of your offer; but, if you would not ruin a whole family of innocent people that love you, even consent to leave us as we are.

Mr. Merton then seeing the fixed determination of the farmer, and feeling the justice of his coarse but strong morality, was obliged, however reluctantly, to desist; and Mrs. Sandford coming to invite them to dinner, he entered the house, and paid his respects to the family.

After the cloth was removed, and Mr. Sandford had twice or thrice replenished his silver mug, the only piece of finery in his house, little Harry came running in, with so much alacrity and heedlessness, that he tore Miss Deborah's best apron, and had nearly precipitated Miss Catherine's new cap into the fire, for which the young ladies and his mother rebuked him with some acrimony. But Harry, after begging pardon with his usual good-humour, cried, Father, father, here is the prettiest team of horses, all matched, and of a colour, with new harness, the most complete I ever saw in my life; and they have stopped at our back-door, and the man says they are brought for you

Farmer Sandford was just then in the middle of his history of the ploughing-match at Axminster; but the relation of his son had such an involuntary effect upon him, that he started up, overset the liquor and the table, and, making an hasty apology to Mr. Merton, ran out to see these wonderful horses.

Presently he returned, in equal admiration with his son. Master Merton, said he, I did not think you had been so good a judge of a horse. I suppose they are a new purchase, which you want to have my opinion upon; and, I can assure you, they are the true Suffolk sorrels, the first

breed of working horses in the kingdom; and these are some of the best of their kind. Such as they are, answered Mr. Merton, they are yours; and I cannot think, after the obligations I am under to your family, that you will do me so great a displeasure as to refuse. Mr. Sandford stood for some time in mute astonishment; but, at length, he was beginning the civilest speech he could think of, to refuse so great a present, when Tommy coming up, took him by the hand, and begged him not to deny to his father and himself the first favour they had ever asked. Besides, said he, this present is less to yourself than to little Harry; and surely, after having lived so long in your family, you will not turn me out with disgrace, as if I had misbehaved.——Here Harry himself interposed, and, considering less the value of the present, than the feelings and intentions of the giver, he took his father by the hand, and besought him to oblige Master Merton and his father. Were it any one else, I would not say a word, added he; but I know the generosity of Mr. Merton, and the goodness of Master Tommy so well, that they will receive more pleasure from giving, than you from taking the horses. Though, I must confess, they are such as would do credit to any body; and they beat Farmer Knowles's all to nothing, which have long been reckoned the best team in all the country.

This last reflection, joined with all that had preceded, overcame the delicacy of Mr. Sandford; and he at length consented to order the horses to be led into his stables. And now Mr. Merton, having made the most affectionate acknowledgments to all this worthy and happy family, among whom he did not forget the honest black, whom he promised to provide for, summoned his son to accompany him home. Tommy arose, and with the sincerest grati-

tude, bade adieu to Harry and all the rest. I shall not be long without you, said he to Harry: to your example I owe most of the little good that I can boast; you have taught me how much better it is to be useful than rich or fine; how much more amiable to be good than to be great. —Should I ever be tempted to relapse, even for an instant, into any of my former habits, I will return hither for instruction; and I hope you will again receive me. Saying this, he shook his friend Harry affectionately by the hand, and, with watery eyes, accompanied his father home.

THE SWEETS OF CONTENTMENT.

No glory I covet, no riches I want,
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free:

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square;
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which providence freely has lent
I'll justly and gratefully prize,
While sweet meditation and cheerful content
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly through infinite trouble and strife,
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy!

THE SUPERANNUATED HORSE TO HIS MASTER.

(Who had sentenced him to die at the end of the summer, on account of his being unable, from extreme old age, to live through the winter.)

AND must thou fix my doom, sweet master, say,
And wilt thou kill thy servant old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

For much it glads me to behold this place,
And house within this hospitable shed;
It glads me more to see my master's face,
And linger near the spot where I was bred.

For, ah! to think of what we both enjoy'd
In my life's prime, ere I was old and poor,
When from the jocund morn to eve employ'd,
My gracious master on my back I bore.

Thrice told ten years have danc'd on down along,
Since first these way-worn limbs to thee I gave,
Sweet-smiling years! when both of us were young,
The kindest master, and the happiest slave.

Ah, years sweet-smiling! now for ever flown!
Ten years, thrice told, alas, are but a day!
Yet, as together we are aged grown,
Together let us wear our age away.

For still the times behind are dear to thought,
And rapture mark'd each minute as it flew;
To the light heart all-changing seasons brought
Pains that were soft, or pleasures that were new.

Ah! call to mind, how oft near Scarning's stream
My steps were bent to yonder Muse-trod grove,
There, she who lov'd thee was thy tender theme,
And I the chosen messenger of love.

On the gale's pinion, with a lover's care,
E'en with the speed of thought, did I not go—
Explore the cottage of thy absent fair,
And eas'd thy sick'ning bosom of its woe?

And when the doubting heart still felt alarm,
Throbbing alternate with its hope and fear,
Did I not bear thee safely to her arms,
Assure thy faith, and dry up ev'ry tear?

And, ah! forget not when the fever's power
Rag'd sore, how swift I sought the zephyr's wing,
To cool thy pulses in the fragrant bower
And bathe thy temples in the clearest spring.

Friend to thy love, and health, and not a foe
E'en to the Muse who led thee on to fame;
Yes, e'en thy lyre to me some charms may owe,
And fancy kindle to a brighter flame.

And hast thou fix'd my doom, sweet master, say—
And wilt thou kill thy servant, old and poor?
A little longer let me live, I pray,
A little longer hobble round thy door.

Nor couldst thou bear to see thy servant bleed,
Tho' weeping Pity has decreed his fate;
Yet, ah! in vain, thy heart for life shall plead,
If Nature has deny'd a longer date.

Alas! I feel 'tis Nature dooms my death,
Ah me! I feel 'tis Pity gives the blow—
Yet ere it falls, ah, Nature! take my breath,
And my kind master shall no sorrow know.

Ere the last morn of my allotted life,
A softer fate shall end me old and poor,
May timely save me from the uplifted knife,
And gently stretch me at my master's door!

THE CAMEL DRIVER.

In silent horror o'er the boundless waste
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd;
One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store;
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The sultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree and not an herb was nigh;
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view!
With desp'rate sorrow wild, th' affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began
" Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way!

" Ah! little thought I of the blasting wind,
The thirst or pinching hunger that I find!

Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage?
Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign,
Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine?
Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
In all my griefs a more than equal share!
Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
In vain ye hope the green delights to know
Which plains more blest or verdant vales bestow.
Here rocks alone and tasteless sands are found,
And faint and sickly winds for ever howl around.
O cease, my fears! all frantic as I go,
When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of woe,
What if the lion in his rage I meet!
Oft in the dust I view his printed feet:
And fearful! oft when day's declining light
Yields her pale empire to the mourner night,
By hunger rous'd he scours the groaning plain,
Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his train.
At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
If aught of rest I find, upon my sleep;
Or some swoln serpent twist his scales around,
And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor,
From lust of wealth and dread of death secure!
They tempt no deserts, and no griefs they find;
Peace rules the day where reason rules the mind.
Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my way."

FINIS.

Printed by H. Mozley, Gainsborough.

